

MANAGEMENT.

A COMEDY.

IN FIVE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

By FREDERICK REYNOLDS.

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REPORT

1891

THE

BRITISH MUSEUM



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PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN BY MR. TAYLOR.

SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON.

A Well-known Muse, who labours once a-year,
And oft has found a safe Asylum here,
Though Critic storms a Mother's fears excite,
With her new Offspring ventures forth to-night.
Conscious the features must betray the Sire,
She seeks for no disguise of vain attire;
What honest Nature gave she brings to view,
And for a kind adoption rests on you.
Yet haply now with reason she appears
Oppress'd with more than e'en maternal fears.
For since she last enjoy'd your soft'ning smile,
A German Rival's charms have caught our Isle,
And though she knows that Rival's favor'd race,
With daring force combine a soft'ning grace,
She knows, besides, that one of native breed
May always hope with Britons to succeed:
And hence, though fashion call her bigot-fool,
She takes no lessons from a foreign school—
But with a patriot pride she lets you know,
“ 'Tis English! English, Sirs! from top to toe!”
While on your liberal candour we rely,
And Fashion's rage with patriot zeal defy,
Think not our Author sees with jealous pain
Exotic merit British laurels gain—
No—when to ALBION's hospitable shore
MISFORTUNE flies protection to implore;
Or GENIUS darting from a distant sphere,
That mental Comet spreads its radiance here;
May Britons glow with philanthropic fire,
Eager alike to cherish and admire!

PROLOGUE
 WRITTEN BY MR. TAYLOR
 DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CAPTAIN LAVISH	- - -	MR. LEWIS.
MIST	- - - - -	MR. FAWCETT.
WORRY	- - - - -	MR. MUNDEN.
SIR HERVEY SUTHERLAND	-	MR. POPE.
ALLTRADE	- - - - -	MR. FARLEY.
FRANK		MR. KLANERT.
STOPGAP	- - - - -	MR. SIMMONS.
GEOFFRY	- - - - -	MR. DAVENPORT.
MRS. DAZZLE	- - - - -	MRS. DAVENPORT.
BETTY		MISS LESERVE.
JULIANA	- - - - -	MRS. POPE.

SCENE—*The Country.*

MANAGEMENT.

ACT I.

SCENE—*A View of Sutherland-house, Park, Gardens, &c.*

Enter GEOFFERY and two other Servants.

GEOFFERY.

COME, bustle, bustle—all to your several occupations.—Bless me, who'd have thought of Sir Hervey coming home:—go—enter the house, and prepare for his reception—I'll wait his arrival here. *[Servants exeunt.]*

Enter JULIANA.

Juliana. Good morning, good old Geoffry.—I have once more eluded the vigilance of my persecutor—once more stolen forth from the castle, purposely to visit this spot; and if my father hears of it, I hope he won't be angry with me:—though he denies me his protection, surely he will not preclude me from contemplating scenes that remind me of him and my dear Mother!—why, what's the matter? you seem agitated.

Geoffry. Well I may, Miss Juliana—your father

is arrived from Italy, and I expect him here this very day.

Juliana. Expect my father!

Geoffry. Ay; after an absence of thirteen years, I expect Sir Hervey once more at Sutherland-house:—look, here's his letter.

JULIANA (*snatching the letter, reading and kissing it*). Oh, I'm so happy!—I shall at last behold, perhaps embrace him.

Geoffry. Nay, I fear otherwise; Sir Hervey is of a most unforgiving disposition, and the wrongs your mother put upon him were of a nature not easily to be forgotten.

Juliana. Wrongs!—what wrongs, Geoffry? is the dark tale for ever to be concealed from me?—I am deserted by my father, and not to know the cause!—Come, good old man! remember, you promised you would one day tell me, and since we are alone, and may not have another opportunity, come now—unveil the mystery—how, how did my mother wrong him?

Geoffry. Well then, to keep my word—Sir Hervey ever was, and I fear ever will be, a dupe to fashion and its follies:—he gamed, he intrigued—and though in his heart devoted to Lady Sutherland, he forsook her and his home for scenes of riot and dissipation.

Juliana. Unfortunate infatuation!

Geoffry. Lady Sutherland a long while bore this with fortitude and resignation; but young, beautiful, and accomplished, surrounded by admirers and neglected by her husband, she at last listened to the addresses of an artful and designing villain, who convinced her of Sir Hervey's infidelity, and, by means of forged letters and other artifices, persuaded her to elope with him.

Juliana. Indeed!

Geoffry.

Geoffry. 'Tis too true, madam;—but her guilt was of short duration:—in a few days she came back to that house, all penitence and shame.—I shall never forget the day.—I told Sir Hervey of her return, and he in a fit of rage and madness bid me shut the door against her; this she overheard: 'twas too much for a tender nature like hers:—she fled, and soon after died—died of a broken heart!

Juliana (bursting into tears). Oh, for mercy!—my poor, poor mother!

Geoffry. You were then but eight years old, and till that hour the idol of Sir Hervey:—but your likeness to your mother soon making him wish to avoid you, you were removed to the castle; where he invested Mrs. Dazzle with the unlimited power of a guardian over you, and which I fear she has exerted like a tyrant.

Juliana. Yes.—Sir Hervey could not mean that I should be her prisoner!—But go on: he went abroad—

Geoffry. He did — to Naples, where he has ever since resided: and now, what think you, madam? do you blame the living or the dead?

Juliana. I have no right to condemn either—but in my mind the husband who neglects an amiable wife is responsible for all the evils that ensue.—Died of a broken heart!—oh, that he had but pardoned her!—then he had had a wife, and I a mother to console me!—but now——Do I indeed resemble her?

Geoffry. You do—you do.

Juliana. Thank Heaven!—I may forgive her, though my father never can.

Worry (speaking without). This way, my lad—this way.

Juliana.

Juliana. Ha! there's Sir Hervey!—though I wish, you don't know how I dread to see him: let me be gone.

Geoffry. No, 'tis only Worry, his old faithful follower; honest soul! he and your father were fostered by the same nurse; and, though long since in easy independent circumstances, he still follows Sir Hervey from motives of affection.—Suppose you ask him to be a mediator for you.

Juliana. Not now—another time, another time—I must return to my prison:—but though I shed tears over the fate of my mother, don't fancy I upbraid my father.—No! I feel for both—and let him still avoid, still punish and abandon me, I know his motive: and the fond hope that he will one day prove a parent to me, will make me bear even greater ills with patience.—Oh! may that day be not far off! for 'twill be the proudest and the happiest of my life. [Exit.

Enter WORRY and a Servant.

Worry. Mind, do as I order you; when the baggage arrives let me know. (*Exit Servant.*) What Geoff!—give me your hand, old Geoff!—Sir Hervey is but a stage behind.—'Slife! I thought we should never shake hands again.

Geoffry. So did I; 'tis thirteen years (*Shaking hands and looking hard at Worry*); but, heyday! how you are altered, Master Worry!

Worry. Yes, I'm not the same man I was.

Geoffry. So I see; but how has it happened?

Worry. I don't know—I lead a different sort of life—I think; and I'm afraid I drink a great deal.

Geoffry. You drink! you that used to be the most temperate, sober—

Worry.

Worry. Ay; and I used to hate cards, you know; now I could play all day:—I used to break appointments; now I come an hour before my time;—and I that always laid in bed till noon, now constantly rise with the crowing of the cock.

Geoffry. Why, what the deuce, are you mad?

Worry. No—I'm married.—I've got a loving jealous wife!—and whilst Sir Hervey is continually miserable because Lady Sutherland ran away from him, here am I—I tell you what, Geoff—if Mrs. Worry were to run away from me, I'm sure I should be too much of a philosopher to repine on the occasion.

Geoffry. What! and is Sir Hervey likewise altered?—or does he still go on rioting in dissipation and extravagance?

Worry. Worse and worse—only yesterday he employed Mr. Alltrade to raise five thousand pounds for him on his bond—offered a premium of fifty per cent. and the moment he receives the money, away it will go in galas or at the gaming table—No, I beg pardon—not at the gaming table—now-a-days no money ever goes there.

Geoffry. What! have they left off playing?

Worry. No—but they've left off paying;—and that's the reason the faro banks are knocked up—when people only play for love, friendship won't induce them to keep open house.—But Miss Sutherland—there's Sir Hervey's greatest plague. A meeting with her was his chief motive for leaving Italy, and now we understand she vindicates her mother, and takes part against him.

Geoffry. She is belied, cruelly belied!

Worry. Nay; we have it from the best authority, —Mrs. Dazzle—the lady who brought her up, and for whom I have a message—but of this be

assured, Geoff; Sir Hervey's case isn't half so desperate as mine:—he's only tormented by a daughter who will try to break his heart, but I've got a jealous wife, who will actually break my head, heart, and purse strings.

Re-enter Servant.

Servant. Sir, the baggage is come.

Worry. You hear—Mrs. Worry is arrived.—Come, will you go and be introduced?

Geoffry. With all my heart—but mind now—you'll one day find that Mrs. Dazzle has traduced Miss Sutherland, and only because she was a great favourite of her late husband's. He was a distant relation, you know, and I did hope would have remembered her in his will—but no—he, like the rest of her family—he—has forgotten her!

Worry. To be sure; who ever got any good by these distant relations? Mrs. Worry has a little thousand; and do you know my apartments are so constantly cram'd with cousins, neices, uncles, aunts, and grandmothers, that at dinner-time I never get a chair to sit upon—I eat flying!—And talk of the comforts of a fire-side, curse me if I've been within ten yards of mine since the day I was married:—not that I complain of cold though—my house is warm enough, I promise you:—but come along; and sorry am I to be convinced of Miss Sutherland's ingratitude.—Were she the girl you describe, I would not only be her friend and advocate, but if Sir Hervey refused to protect her, I would myself be a father to her. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE—*An Apartment in the Castle.*

Enter Mrs. DAZZLE and BETTY.

Betty. Even so, ma'am; Miss Juliana first robbed you of your husband's friendship, and now of the Captain's love.

Mrs. Dazzle. Oh, the little viper!—but I know how to be amply revenged:—the great object of her life is a reconciliation with her father;—this I have already prevented, and will still prevent.—But the Captain, Betty—do you think he has serious views?

Betty. He serious! what Captain Lavish prefer Juliana Sutherland without a shilling, to the widow Dazzle with a nett estate of five thousand a-year!

Mrs. Dazzle. That's true:—I married little Jerry for his fortune, and I am certainly sole heiress—to be sure I hav'nt yet seen the will, because he died in London:—but I expect his agent Mr. Alltrade with it every moment, and then, Betty!—poor Juliana!—I hope the Captain will allow her half pay.

Betty. Oh you're too liberal, ma'am—but see! here comes Mr. Alltrade with the will.

Enter ALLTRADE.

Alltrade. Well! madam, as good as my word, you see:—this moment arrived with my friend Sir Hervéy.

Mrs. Dazzle. You are very kind, Mr. Alltrade; but there was no occasion to be in any hurry—every body knows how little Jerry loved me.

Alltrade. Oh, there's no doubt that the will is completely in your favour; but you had better open it, lest there should be any small bequest or legacies—

Mrs. Dazzle. Well, to oblige you I'll just cast my eye over it—*(takes the will from ALLTRADE)*.

Poor Jerry!—he used to say he should fall a martyr to love. (*Reads will*): “By this my last will, I
 “Jeremiah Dazzle give and bequeath all the property of which I die possessed unto that most
 “lovely and accomplished of her sex”——Spare me—spare a poor widow’s blushes, Mr. Alltrade.

Alltrade. Nay! it’s not more than you deserve.

Mrs. Dazzle. Oh, Sir! (*curtseying—then reads on*):—“unto that most lovely and accomplished of her sex, Juliana Sutherland”—Juliana!—why, Mr. Alltrade! (*Half crying.*)

Alltrade. Go on.

Mrs. Dazzle (*reads on*). “Juliana Sutherland, whom being deserted by her father, I take
 “a pride in adopting. But my will further is, that
 “she hold the said property no longer than she remains unmarried. In case she marries, I give the
 “same to my widow Deborah Dazzle. And my
 “only motive for thus tying up my cousin Juliana,
 “is to save her from entering into a state to which
 “I fell a martyr.”——Why it’s a forgery! he could not—dared not!

Alltrade. Nay—there’s no doubt that it’s genuine—but be composed—doesn’t Miss Sutherland live in this house?

Mrs. Dazzle. She does.

Alltrade. Then it dawns! it glares upon me!—Mark—if she marries, the estate devolves to you—are not these Mr. Dazzle’s words!

Mrs. Dazzle. They are; and I only wish I had been behind him when he wrote them!

Alltrade. Well: be patient—don’t destroy the will, because that’s a serious business (*pulling up his neckcloth*):—only conceal it till you get Juliana a husband—then she forfeits the legacy, and you become heiress to a hundred thousand pounds.

Mrs.

Mrs. Dazzle. Why that looks well—but how?
—the Captain won't marry her.

Alltrade. No, but I will; in the first place her being in this house will give me numberless opportunities; and in the next I am employed by Sir Hervey to raise five thousand pounds for him on his bond—now if we can get Juliana to join in it, I shall have them both so completely in my power, that if I fail in the character of a lover, I may succeed in that of a creditor:—you understand.

Mrs. Dazzle. I do—excellent!—and as a reward for your trouble—

Alltrade. I only ask a third of the estate.

Mrs. Dazzle. Granted—it is a bargain.

Alltrade. Say you so?—then let's to work instantly—and look here comes one who, from his influence [over Sir Hervey, we must secure as a confederate.

Enter Worry.

Mrs. Dazzle. Worry, my old acquaintance!—I give you joy of your marriage, and sincerely wish you may never know the pangs of widowhood.

Alltrade. And so do I with all my heart, Worry.

Worry. And I wish with all my soul you'd both keep your wishes to yourselves. (*Aside.*)—But I wait upon you, madam, from Sir Hervey:—from your account of Miss Sutherland's undutiful and indiscreet conduct, he persists in not seeing her, and therefore while he stays in the country, he begs she may be more closely confined than ever.

Mrs. Dazzle. I'll do all I can; but she is so artful and designing, that for my part I don't think she'll ever be safe till she gets a husband to protect her.

Alltrade.

Alltrade. Nor I; and I'll tell you a secret, Worry—I love her, and wish to be that husband: and since, from my humble birth and inferior situation, I cannot aspire to gaining Sir Hervey's consent, will you aid and assist the marriage?

Worry. With all my heart—the more matches the better.—When one's in a scrape oneself, nothing's so consoling as to see all one's friends in the same situation. (*Aside.*) I'll assist you—but about the bond—have you raised the five thousand pounds.

Alltrade. No; and I despair of success—the friend I applied to wants Miss Sutherland to join.

Worry. She join! why she's as poor—

Alltrade. I know—but he says she has rich relations—may have a handsome legacy—in short, it will mend the security:—therefore let Sir Hervey know this, and he will see the necessity of commanding her to sign instantly. (*Worry is going.*)

Mrs. Dazzle. Good day, Worry—I shall be always glad to see you: and because there's a hatchment over my door, don't fancy this is absolutely the house of mourning.

Worry. No, ma'am;—I—I—(*laughing and trying to conceal it*).

Mrs. Dazzle. Why, what do you laugh at?—speak out—you won't offend me.

Worry. Shan't I, ma'am?—then begging your pardon, you need'nt have caution'd me; for I always look on a hatchment outside of a widow's house like a sign over an inn—a certain emblem of revelry and good cheer.—And when I'm a widower—oh! oh! oh! (*Shakes his head, sighs, and exit*.)

Alltrade. So far, so well; he's in our interest—but to get this bond out of Sir Hervey's hands, we must at least advance a few hundreds, and where to raise even those—for my part I haven't a guinea.

Mrs.

Mrs. Dazzle. Nor I now a shilling!—(*sighing*) nor do I know where to raise one?

Alltrade. No!

Mrs. Dazzle. No; unless indeed Mr. Mist the manager of our country theatre—

Alltrade. What! the quondam silversmith of Cheapside!—he's an old friend of mine,

Mrs. Dazzle. Is he?—then you may aid my suit.—You must know, smitten with the love of fame, eager to acquire the reputation of wit and genius, I have written a most magnificent play, which of course I am all anxiety to see acted; he has already promised to come and read it, and if it meets with his approbation, very likely he may advance the money necessary to pay Sir Hervey.

Alltrade. True—suppose I hasten his visit—I'll seek him instantly; and whilst you keep Juliana out of sight, I'll keep the will out of sight—(*putting will in his pocket*).—And with regard to the play, if you get money by it, depend on't you'll get reputation also; one generally follows the other.

Mrs. Dazzle. So it does—and how the case is alter'd?—formerly wits had no money, and now he that has no money has no wit; for whilst a bad joke will be applauded from the head of a great able, a good one will be lost if spoken by him who has nothing but wit to recommend him!—but away to the manager—let the war begin; and doubt not our victory!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE—*Outside of the Theatre.**Enter STOPGAP (from the Box-office).*

Stopgap. Pooh—I'll sit there picking my teeth no longer;—stay for ever, there won't be a place taken; for well as Mr. Mist might understand conducting a shop, he knows so little how to manage a theatre, that during the time I have been prompter, treasurer, box-book-keeper, and deputy manager, there have been only three boxes taken—and they were by particular friends, who thought they did him an honour by coming in with orders—psha!—I'll go—heh?—who's here?—aha? a flat at last!

Enter ALLTRADE.

Stopgap. This way, Sir,—there's the office—have a front row in any part of the house, Sir—

Alltrade. Sir, I want to speak to Mr. Mist—where is he? (*STOPGAP holds down his head*).—Why don't you answer me?—where can I find him?

Stopgap. He's walking on the London road—you'll find him there, all anxiety, looking out for the new Harlequin whom we expect every hour by the slow waggon.

Alltrade. Expect Harlequin by the slow waggon!

Stopgap. Yes, Sir: and between you and me, 'tis high time he came; we play to shocking houses—last night to Hamlet we were obliged to make a shew, by shoving the band into the pit, the orange women into the boxes, and the door-keepers into the galleries.—Indeed no wonder at it, for Mr. Mist himself played Hamlet.

Alltrade.

Alltrade. The old tradesman act Hamlet!

Stopgap. Even so—he always will act the best part—but here he comes, and spite of the bad houses, all bustle, life, and animation!

Enter Mist.

Mist. Damn that slow waggon—not here 'till season's over—however, sure of tol lol house to night—fine day—strong bill—nothing against—what Jack! Jack Alltrade!—why what brings you to this—oh! oh!—fly dog!—written a Farce—can't get it acted in London—and so come—

Alltrade. Not I upon my honour.

Mist. Want an engagement then!—what's your line? Ben, Scrub, and Calliban; or Richard, Romeo, and the tiptops—no difference though—tragedy or comedy—play which you will, Jack—sure to entertain audience—he! he! he!

Alltrade. Why 'Slife—here's an alteration!—when I last saw you, you were leaving off trade with a capital fortune, and retiring into the country free from the cares and vexation of business.

Mist. Hem! much you know of the matter—when I lost care and vexation, lost my two best friends.

Alltrade. Care and vexation your best friends!

Mist. Yes: couldn't tell what to do with myself—all day long watching clock, or yawning at street door—could'nt bear it—hardly alive—thought of opening new shop—when one lucky day!—play house put up at auction—always had theatrical twist—so bid handsomely—knock'd down at large sum to be sure—but what then? been happy ever since—had care and vexation in abundance—but

mum—

mum—shan't stop here—London—Covent Garden—Drury Lane—they're my object!

Alltrade. Indeed!—then why not make them your object now?—why not engage London players?

Mist. Um! (*snapping his fingers*)—that for London players—and that for London authors—soon have best actor and finest writer living—heh: know who I mean? (*mimics Harlequin.*)

Alltrade. Harlequin!

Mist. Right—back his wooden sword against their wooden heads—bring all Europe—young and old boys—little babies, and full grown babies:—and then for salary—only twelve shillings a week, and fare of slow waggon—whereas these London gentlemen, with their ten pounds a night and post chaises and four—besides, won't do here?—don't I come from London?—don't I act Hamlet, and to what?—not enough to pay the lighting?—but can't stay—must go look after the tricks—must get all smooth 'gainst great man's arrival.

Alltrade. Nay: I've an invitation for you—Mrs. Dazzle is extremely anxious about her play, and requests you'd wait upon her.

Mist. I wait!—who's manager?—besides d—d stuff I suppose.

Alltrade. That I can't say—but when I tell you, she is a lady I have the greatest regard for—

Mist. Enough—come this evening—be there before doors open—till when, in the words of Hamlet, Remember me!

Alltrade. Hamlet!—in the words of the Ghost, you mean.

Mist. Yes: but when I act Hamlet, play the Ghost too—always take every good speech in the

play and whip into my part—I'm manager—he! he! he!

Alltrade. Well, adieu—and after the reading, I'll look in at the theatre.

Mist. Do—shan't cost you a farthing—put you in at stage door, and sit in my box—Strong bill to-night—Beggars Opera in two acts—Filch by a gentleman of the law, being his first and last appearance on any stage—after which, a grand spectacle of my own writing, called "Gulliver the Great."—In the first act, all the characters will be killed—in the second, introduced their executors, administrators, and assigns—but come and judge.—I say though, when new pantomime comes out, trouble you not to walk about the town, Jack.

Alltrade. Why?

Mist. Why!—who'll pay to look at my clown, when they can see you for nothing—he! he! he!—come along, Stop.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE—*Outside of the Castle.*

Enter Sir HERVEY SUTHERLAND, WORRY, and GEOFFRY.

Sir Hervey. 'Sdeath! how mortifying! how perplexing!—and yet, without the money, inevitable ruin follows. Are you sure that was Mr. Alltrade's message?

Worry. Yes, Sir; he cannot raise the five thousand pounds unless Miss Juliana joins in the bond.

Sir Hervey. Well, be it so.—Enter the castle instantly, and tell her 'tis by my command; the first and last request her father ever will make to her—begone—[*WORRY exit*].—And now, old man, obey my orders—let there be masks and dancing—I cannot encounter solitude—that leads to thought, and thought engenders madness; and I must plunge 'midst any species of society to save me from myself: therefore, let the doors of Sutherland-house once more be opened, and let revelry and good cheer welcome my return.

Geoffry. I shall obey, Sir.

Sir Hervey. Give general invitation to my friends.

Geoffry. Your friends!—Oh, I'm glad of that, Sir—then I hope I know one who will be of the party.

Sir

Sir Hervey. Indeed! who, Geoffry?

Geoffry. With submission, Miss Juliana, Sir—don't be angry—but if the title of friend admits any one into your house, in my mind none ought to be more welcome than your own daughter.

Sir Hervey. How!—have a care, Sir.

Geoffry. Nay, you are deceived, cruelly deceived; she has no hope, no wish beyond you: only this very morning, with tears in her eyes, she exclaimed, "The day that reconciles me to my father will be the proudest and the happiest of my life!"—These were her words—and now, to see her imprisoned!—(pointing to the castle.)

Sir Hervey (much agitated). Did she—did she say this, Geoffry?

Geoffry. She did, Sir—and at the same time she put on such a sweet fascinating look—exactly such a one as her late mother——

Sir Hervey. Who, Sir?

Geoffry. Such a one as poor Lady Sutherland, Sir,——

Sir Hervey. Distraction!—you've raised the latent fury here; and I would sooner press a viper to my breast than the image of a woman who had so wronged me.—I'll hear no more—besides, this is all artifice—I've been informed how well she loves her father; and for the imprisonment you talk of, I sanction and approve it.—Better be even cloistered thus, than only come into the world to vindicate and share a false, false mother's crimes.

Geoffry. What! can Mrs. Dazzle be base enough——

Sir Hervey. Peace, old man—on pain of your dismissal utter not a word against that best of women and of friends.—Attend me home, and
c instantly

instantly make preparation for splendid hospitality.—(*Going.*)

Geoffry. Look, Sir!—only look!—there's poor Miss Juliana sitting at her prison window!—see, how innocent and how melancholy she appears!—Suppose now you were just to stay and—and—speak to her, Sir.

Sir Hervey. I speak!—away!—lead not my mind to thoughts that madden whilst they charm me—No—in the husband's wrongs I'll bury all the fond, fond feelings of the father.—(*Going, Geoffry stops him.*)

Geoffry. Nay, Sir, only turn and take one look at her—

Sir Hervey. I dare not—I dare not—(*rushes out, followed by Geoffry.*)

SCENE—*An Apartment in the Castle.*

Enter JULIANA.

Juliana. Oh, what a fate is mine!—a father, whom I haven't seen from infancy, and now so near me—and I'm denied the sight of him—nay more, am told that, by his orders, this place is still to be my prison.—Oh, my mother! I feel my heart, like yours, can't long support it.—(*Weeps.*)—I shall soon follow thee!

Enter WORRY.

Worry. So, there she is—what a frightful, undutiful countenance!—Oh, she'll see us all starve before—Madam!

Juliana. As I live, the man that Geoffry spoke of—what can he want?—(*Advances towards him.*)—May I ask—I hope Sir Hervey's well?

Worry.

Worry. No, he's very ill, I'm very much obliged to you.

Juliana. Ill!—heavens!—what's his complaint?

Worry. An ungrateful daughter!—Your pardon, ma'am—perhaps I'm somewhat blunt—but I have lived with Sir Hervey these twenty years; if he has faults to others, he has none to me; and though the world deserts him, it is my duty to stand or fall with him.

Juliana. Well, I applaud your zeal; but why, why charge me with ingratitude?

Worry. Because you are his enemy; because you take the part of her who basely wrong'd him.

Juliana. Hold, censure me as much as you please; but breathe not a syllable against my mother.

Worry. There! you avow it; you justify—

Juliana. No—but I feel for her; I lament her fate: that consolation Sir Hervey cannot deny me.—And let him know me before he condemns me; for how can that child be called ungrateful who never had an opportunity of evincing either her duty or affection?

Worry. How!

Juliana. I never wronged him; and even in my infancy he shut his doors against me.—I am his child; and by denying his protection, he has exposed me to the self-same snares my mother fell a martyr to.—I've not disgraced—I've ever loved him: and let him give me but the trial—oh! let him take me to his heart; and if the caresses of an affectionate daughter do not atone for the errors of a misguided mother, then let him cast me from him; but till then let him not accuse me of ingratitude.

Worry. What! and you'd—how handsome she looks!—you'd be loving and dutiful?

Juliana. Oh yes—I'd watch, I'd nurse him—weep as he wept, and bless each smile that cheered him: and when time had mellowed his grief into a sweet remembrance of my mother's loss, then I'd retrieve her honour in the grave:—in my unvaried truth, all, all should be forgotten. I would revive the friendship that he bore her, and she should live again in Juliana.

Worry. Bless my soul!—now only think of my not marrying such a woman!—and if he wanted money, and you had it to lend him—

Juliana. If I had millions, I would devote them all to him.

Worry. Old Geoff's right.—May I never go to Heaven if she isn't an angel!—and if the widow isn't something else, may I go somewhere else.

Juliana. Ay, Mrs. Dazzle; she is my persecutor: from the hour I accidentally interfered with her in Captain Lavish's affection, she—

Worry. Captain Lavish!—what, your father's antagonist—the man who two years ago fought him in Switzerland?

Juliana. Alas! the same.

Worry. And did you return his affection?

Juliana. What could I do?—he risked his own life to save mine—'tis but a short and simple tale—One day, when I had liberty to ride within the precincts of the castle, my horse ran away with me, and he in stopping it broke his arm: I could do no less than confess the obligation; and since his recovery, often visiting Mrs. Dazzle, our intimacy encreased, and gratitude grew into love.

Worry. And all the time did you know of the duel?

Juliana.

Juliana. No; till yesterday I never heard of it; and then I instantly informed him, that though Sir Hervey neglected his duty to me, I could never forget mine to him, and nothing should induce me to receive that man as a lover, who designed to be the murderer of my father. (*Worry crosses her as if going*)—Why, what's the matter?—where are you going?

Worry. To Sir Hervey; to bid him remove you from the protection of a hypocrite, and place you under his own.

Juliana. Oh, will you—will you be so generous? Indeed in this castle I am not safe a moment.

Worry. No—nor any body else; for the roof will tumble in to a certainty; but I'll go directly: and if I fail, and the war continues—let the enemy look to it—I've served many a hard campaign, and though not lately in the battles abroad, thanks to Mrs. Worry I've seen pretty warm service at home; and sooner than you should remain under the rod of a tyrant, I'd storm the castle, and revive the age of chivalry:—yes—I would—I “Will Worry,” the married man!—So retire, and wait my coming, madam—I'll not be long.

Juliana. I'm sure you will not: and pray remind my father, that I have suffered in my turn; that we are partners in calamity, and by meeting we might divide and dissipate each other's woes.—Tell him—but you know my thoughts, and to your conduct I commit a cause on which my hope, my happiness, my life depends! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE—*Another Apartment in the Castle, Mrs. DAZZLE and MIST discovered sitting at a Table—MIST with a Manuscript in his Hand.*

Mrs. Dazzle. Now then, Mr. MIST—now begin the play: but remember, I haven't quite finished it.

Mist (reading). "*Mary Queen of Scots, a grand heroic drama; with new scenes, new dresses, new decorations, new*"—hem: that's my affair—I'm manager——

Mrs. Dazzle. Oh, certainly, Sir ——

Mist (reading). "*Scene the first—a room in a Castle—the Duke of Norfolk discovered with a key in his hand. The Duke—Now, by my holy dame, with this same key, Jockey of Norfolk, thou'lt unlock the gate of Scottish Mary's prison!—He unlocks the gate and leads forth Mary.—Beshrew me, but your safe, and so good morrow, good Queen Elizabeth!*"—(*Mist lays down the play, and rises:*) Won't do—won't bring sixpence—refuse it—I refuse it!

Mrs. Dazzle. How! why I flattered myself I had caught the true Shaksperian fire.

Mist. And suppose you had—what then?—played Hamlet last night under ten pounds; and I say that's a bad play that brings a bad house.—Harlequin and Abraham Newland—they're the only pulling writers, except indeed the Germans; and there!—there I'm beforehand with the Londoners—mum—mine's a German Harlequin—he!—he!—However, try another page—if that's not better, don't you finish play—audience will finish it for you. (*Reads play:*)

"Enter

MANAGEMENT.

23

“ *Enter Queen Elizabeth and Burleigh.*—*The Queen*—Go to—we’ll nip’em i’ the bud.—Why, how now, rebels?—for this treacherous queen, convey her to the tower—and there, good Burleigh—You take the hint—Away!—Burleigh carries off Mary and”——(*here MIST is interrupted by loud rattling at stage door*)—You hear—applause interrupts us.

Mrs. Dazzle. Who can it be?—dear! was there ever any thing so unlucky?

Mist. Not at all; for this relief much thanks—(*taking up his hat and cane*).—Decided, in my opinion—first night disapprobation—second, under expences—third, nobody but the author.—Yours, devotedly yours.

Mrs. Dazzle. Nay, I insist you don’t stir (*noise at door again*).—You hear!—do only be kind enough to step into the next room, and I’ll get rid of this intrusive person in a moment: come now, indulge an anxious author; and consider though it don’t read, it may act well.

Mist. That’s true; nothing reads worse than pantomime; but in representation!—Oh gods! and goddesses!—give me the manuscript—I’ll indulge you (*takes the play*)—one—two—only four acts!—never mind—if play’s bad, less of bad thing the better—if good, I and my copyist soon cobble up fifth act for you—but I’m gone—(*Going, returns*)—Mum! ever see Gulliver the Great?—that was our writing—to be sure audience damn’d it the first night, but what then?—Theatre’s mine!—so gave ’em a dose of it; acted it fifty nights running—revenged myself there—he! he! he!—and in like manner always will maintain dignity!—always, as long as I’m P. M., Peter Mist—and M. P. manager of a play house!

[*Exit. Mrs.*

Mrs. Dazzle. Now then, for this tormentor——
(opens door, and enter JULIANA)—You Miss!—how dare you——

Juliana. Oh, madam!—I'm so terrified!—even now, Mr. Alltrade, a total stranger, proposed marriage to me; and told me that, aided by his own merit and your interest, he didn't doubt of success;—Nay, on my refusing him, he absolutely threatened to use force.

Mrs. Dazzle. And on this account you fled from him?

Juliana. I did, madam; and I entreat you to protect and save me.

Mrs. Dazzle. Base, worthless girl!—then know Mr. Alltrade spoke truth; he is the man I have selected for your husband.

Juliana. Heavens! and can you mean——

Mrs. Dazzle. I mean you should be his wife! and till you consent, your chamber shall be your prison——

Juliana (falling at her feet). Oh, for mercy!—Look at me—I am friendless, fatherless!

Mrs. Dazzle. And who have you to thank for it?—Yes: 'tis as I said—Captain Lavish has taught you to despise marriage, and copy the example of her who made you fatherless.

Juliana. What! do you allude to——

Mrs. Dazzle. I do—and beware, Miss—dare not to imitate such false, abandoned conduct.

Juliana. Abandoned!

Mrs. Dazzle. Ay: would you justify it?—have you the audacity to vindicate deeds the most licentious!—actions——

Juliana (rising). Were you the being that I most respect—were you my father!—I'd tell you it is false!—Licentious!—oh, had my illfated mother possessed

possessed one atom that resembled you, I'd tear her image from my heart, or die!

Mrs. Dazzle. Take care, or——

Juliana. Oh, shame! shame!—is this the protection I might expect from one of my own sex?—Men would betray us; let us not betray each other! and while she whom you censure might meet with pity and forgiveness, what can the female seducer expect?—the scorn of one sex, the abhorrence of the other.

Mrs. Dazzle. Begone!—retire to your chamber—nay, no reply;—I will be obeyed—(*walks up the stage in a rage*).

Enter Worry.

Juliana (*running hastily up to him*). Oh! have you seen my father?—will he, will he take pity on me?

Worry. Alas, madam!—I can do nothing for you.

Juliana. What! he persists!

Worry. Most obstinately: he says your offer of advancing money is no more than your duty, and what a parent has a lawful claim to.

Juliana. Then may he feel—but he's deceived, and I forgive him.

Mrs. Dazzle (*coming down stage*). Not gone yet!—Do as I command; to your chamber I insist—(*takes JULIANA by the arm and leads her to stage door—JULIANA exits.*)—And you, Worry, as you've kindly undertaken to assist Mr. Alltrade, go to him instantly; tell him Miss Sutherland has so grossly insulted me, that I've no longer any conscientious scruples, and if he chooses to secure the marriage by carrying her off—

Worry.

Worry. Carrying her off!

Mrs. Dazzle. Ay: force will be the shortest mode: so bid him come in a post-chaise to the western gate, whilst I go and make sure of my prisoner.—Away—lose not a moment, and tell him I'll answer for the success of the enterprize. [*Exit.*]

Worry. I go to Mr. Alltrade!—I aid—bless my soul!—No wonder she's a widow—If she married every morning, her husband would die before night:—but I will aid in carrying her off—I'll go directly and get assistance—I'll entreat the first man I meet to join with me:—and let Sir Hervey condemn, or, what's more tremendous, let Mrs. Worry scold me, I know I'm doing my duty!—So in spite of wives, widows, and devils, I'll secure her escape, and still try to restore her to her father. (*Going.*)

Re-enter Mist (with the Play in his hand).

Mist. Oh, it won't do—'twill be damn'd.

Worry. Now pray take pity—pray give your assistance, Sir:—there's the sweetest young lady just lock'd into that room, and if you would but help to release her——

Mist. How! what! young lady lock'd up! and I help to release her!—pooh—nonsense!—what's her case!—And me—why apply to me?

Worry. Because I'm sure you will befriend us—and if you did but know how well she had conducted herself!—how charmingly she had acted her part——

Mist. What! acted her part!

Worry. Ay! no woman ever acted better:—such sense! such feeling, Sir!—and now, when she is so ready to engage herself——

Mist. Ready to engage!—oh, ho—comprehend now—lock'd up to keep her from the stage, and apply

apply to me 'cause I'm Manager—he! he!—Hark ye; how's her voice?

Worry. Delightful.

Mist. And her action?

Worry. Graceful.

Mist. And her figure?

Worry. Beautiful.

Mist. Damme she'll do my business till Harlequin comes! Say no more—my house is open—I'll give her an appearance.

Worry. What!—you'll get her out!

Mist. To be sure I will—in what part she likes best—tragedy, comedy, opera, farce, pantomime!—And you!—want a clown—you shall play clown—also if you're married! don't reply—see it by your chin—give you and your wife freedom—perpetual free admission.—But now for it—now to plan plot—Hem!—Here is the author.

Enter (from folding doors) Mrs. DAZZLE.

Mrs. Dazzle (locking doors and putting the key in her pocket). So now Juliana's safe, and I get my husband's estate.—Oh, Worry, have you seen Mr. Alltrade?

Worry (confused). Hey! yes—I've seen Mr. Alltrade, and he'll be here with the chaise directly.

Mist (reading play). “Burleigh carries off Mary.”

Mrs. Dazzle. What! no further, Mr. Mist?—I suppose you're thinking of the effect, Mr. Manager?

Worry. Mr. Manager!—Oh! I understand now—

Mist. Yes; but can't tell without rehearsal—cannot judge unless I saw it on the boards—Let me see—there's the prison gate—(pointing to folding doors):

doors):—you are Jockey Norfolk—no I'm Jockey
—I'll tell you what—suppose we give it a trial!

Mrs. Dazzle. A trial! what a rehearsal now in this room?—Delightful!—I should like it of all things.

Mist. So should I—then listen—I'll play Norfolk—you Queen Elizabeth—

Mrs. Dazzle. He, Burleigh—(*pointing to Worry*).

Worry. Who the devil's Burleigh.—

Mrs. Dazzle. And for Mary—dear! dear! where shall we get a Mary?

Mist. Tell you—all in way of rehearsal—young lady you just lock'd in—she's in same situation you know.

Mrs. Dazzle. So she is—here, Worry!—here's an excellent opportunity to take her to Mr. All-trade. (*Aside to Worry, who nods to her significantly.*)—I declare I ca'n't help laughing.

Mist. No more can I:—Oh, damme, I see it will produce an effect now?—give me the key (*Mrs. Dazzle gives it him*).—All to our separate places, and let rehearsal begin.—Enter Duke of Norfolk. (*Puts himself in a mock tragic attitude, and speaks bombastically.*) “Now! by my holy dame, with
“this same key, Jockey of Norfolk, thou'lt unlock
“the gate of Scottish Mary's prison. (*Unlocks folding doors, and leads out JULIANA*).—Beshrew
“me, but you're safe, and so good morrow, good
“Queen Elizabeth!”

Mrs. Dazzle (*also speaking bombastically*).
“Go to—we'll nip 'em in the bud.—Why, how
“now, rebels?—For this treacherous Queen—
“(*seizing JULIANA, and delivering her to Worry*;
“*who puts himself in a tragic attitude*)—convey
“her to the tower!—and there, good Burleigh
“—You take the hint!—Away!” *Mist.*

Mist. Ay:—You take the hint!—Away!

Worry. Oh yes:—I take the hint—Away! (*Exit with JULIANA.*)

Mrs. Dazzle. Bravo!—will it meet with disapprobation now?—

Mist. No—it must be a very illnatured audience indeed, that don't applaud so ingenious an exit.—

Mrs. Dazzle. Ay: there's authorship for you!

Mist. Egad, and there's management for you!

Mrs. Dazzle. Remember, Sir, but for me these characters wouldn't have been brought on the stage.

Mist. No; and but for you they wouldn't have been got off the stage; but now to get Norfolk off—Must follow new actresses.—(*Aside.*)

Mrs. Dazzle. Stop! I'll tell you; Elizabeth first turns her back upon him—then Norfolk makes a long harangue—then—

Mist. Psha! hang long harangues,—touch and go,—that's the plan for effect; I'll shew you how to do Norfolk's exit!—first turn your back on me P. S.—(*Mrs. DAZZLE turns her back on him.*)—So, then I strut off O. P.—Gently—don't turn round till I'm gone: then work yourself into a furious passion.—Mary, I fly!—I follow thee! and so, good morrow, good Queen Elizabeth!—Hem,—there's another good exit! [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Dazzle. Oh, the old fool! how I shall wheedle him!

Enter Sir HERVEY and ALLTRADE.

Sir Hervey. Madam!

Mrs. Dazzle. Is he gone! now then to work myself into a furious passion—(*turns round.*)—thou wretch! thou traitor!—How! Sir Hervey!—Mr. —Heavens! have you seen nothing of Miss Sutherland?—(*to ALLTRADE.*)

Alltrade. No; and Sir Hervey has brought the bond on purpose for me to present to her, and now, to our astonishment, we find she and Worry have just gone out of the castle together:—what can it mean?

Mrs. Dazzle. Mean! (*bursts into tears*)—that I am wheedl'd myself.—Oh that brute of a manager!—Sir Hervey, 'tis too plain—she has elop'd.—

Sir Hervey. Elop'd!

Mrs. Dazzle. No doubt she has fled to Captain Lavish; and these two impostors are his agents.—oh, I see it all! she has long intended it; and to avoid signing the bond, she has hastened her departure.

Sir Hervey. Elope with Lavish, why this outdoes her mother:—but can I stand idly by?—no—I'll disappoint my enemy of this unmanly triumph, and save her; spite of herself I'll save her—Mr. Alltrade, wait upon him instantly, and bid him restore my daughter on pain of a second and more desperate meeting.—Come, madam, we'll see him on his way.

Mrs. Dazzle. By all means, Sir Hervey: I only hope you don't blame me for my pupil's indiscretion.

Sir Hervey. No: had she copied your bright and excellent example, this ne'er had happened—but though her errors even exceed her mother's, and a reconciliation is more than ever distant, yet she is still my child!—and in a moment dangerous as the present, for my own sake I'll prove a friend and father.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE.—*An Apartment in LAVISH'S House—
Recess with small Folding Doors, which are
thrown open, and discover a Marble Pedestal
surrounded by Doves and Cupids—a Table with
Wine and Refreshments upon it.*

Enter FRANK and a Workman.

Frank. Ha! ha! so you've no sooner finished that whimsical out-of-the-way job (*pointing to the recess*)—than he sends for you about another.

Workman. Ay, your master is an excellent customer,—always up to his chin in brick and mortar; and then for price—'gad! he never haggles about price.

Frank. No, and the best of the joke is, he calls himself an economist, and comes down here on a saving scheme.

Workman. A saving scheme!

Frank. Ay! finding himself a little out of elbows in London, and the present state of the Continent not allowing him to travel, he came here to

live cheap, and retrench.—And there! (*pointing to recess again*)—there's one specimen of his economy.—On the journey he bought a statue of Venus.

Workman. I know; and a great bargain it was: it only cost him five pounds.

Frank. True; but not choosing to have his beauties gazed at, he employed you to build that strange sort of recess to put it in, which has cost him at least five times the sum.—This is always the way; if he bought a cheap boat, he'd cut a canal for it; and if a pulpit, he'd build a church for it:—in fact, he is a false economist—a self-deceiver; and here he comes to elucidate my description.

Enter LAVISH.

Lavish. Oh! if I go on in this close saving way only six months longer, I shall be able to return to town and dash like the best of them:—never was such a hand at buying bargains.—Frank, come here you rogue:—just now, at Squire Brozier's sale, what do you think I gave for a curricule?—only forty pounds!—there, there's economy for you.

Frank. Economy!—begging your pardon, Sir, —I see no economy in buying what you don't want.

Lavish. How?—would you let a bargain slip through your fingers, you extravagant rascal?

Frank. No—but you've no horses, Sir; and a curricule's useless——

Lavish. That's what I said; says I, a curricule is useless without horses,—so I bought a pair directly.

Frank. Bought a pair?

Lavish.

Lavish. Ay, gave a hundred and twenty pounds for them—to be sure it's money; but one's own carriage saves posting and drivers: in short, the worst come to the worst, 'tis but a hundred and fifty pounds, and I'll save it a thousand ways.—Who are you, Sir? (*to Workman.*)

Workman. I have finish'd that job, all but fixing up the statue, Sir; and now I come about the billiard-room:—but, to speak honestly, it is not worth repairing.

Lavish. So I thought; I thought it wasn't worth repairing.

Workman. No, Sir; and a new room will not cost above three hundred pounds:—but then to be sure it will be elegant and lasting.

Lavish. So it will, and the first expence is the least; so up with the new room.—(*Workman exit.*)—And now to finish my vindication to Juliana—(*Sits at the table and writes*):—“Your late mother was not only my relation, but my friend
“and benefactress; and on Sir Hervey's one day
“reprobating her conduct with unusual asperity,
“gratitude prompted me to defend it perhaps
“more warmly than I ought, and a duel was the
“result.”—(*Knocking at the door.*)—See who's there.—(*FRANK exit.*)—But what signifies writing? while she's immured in her present den, I haven't a chance of success.—Mrs. Dazzle formerly seduced me into some gallantries, and a disappointed widow is the devil.

Re-enter FRANK laughing.

Frank. Sir, I beg pardon for laughing; but who do you think is at the door?—no less a gentleman than

than the one you caned at Newmarket about four years ago.

Lavish. Caned!—Oh! I recollect—I detected him in an act of forgery.—But what does the fellow want?—I don't know his name, nor have I once seen him since.

Frank. No; and though he now asks for Captain Lavish, he little thinks you are the gentleman he is under such obligations to.

Lavish. Shew him up (*FRANK exit*);—introduce the Newmarket gentleman to his two old antagonists the Captain and his cane.—And, in the mean time—(*Sits at table, and takes up pen again*).

Enter FRANK and ALLTRADE.

Frank. This way, Sir—there, that's my master (*pointing to LAVISH, whose back is turned towards ALLTRADE*).

Alltrade. Oh, that's Captain Lavish, is it?—Sir, I wait upon you——

Lavish (not regarding him). Yes, the widow is so jealous and so violent.—(*Turns round.*)—How d'ye do, my fine fellow?—how d'ye do?—My Newmarket hero sure enough.—(*Aside.*)

Alltrade (trembling). Amazement! why it's the very man who——

Lavish. What's the matter?—you seem cold—shall I warm you?

Alltrade. Warm me!—no—I——

Lavish. Some wine—give the gentleman some wine.—This is the house of frugality, and therefore I can't offer you a great variety; but as far as Burgundy, Madeira, and Champagne—must drink them, if I save it a thousand ways.

Alltrade. Sir, you'll excuse me.—Why surely I've mistaken my man—he would never be so civil: at all events he don't recollect me; so I'll pluck up courage.—(*Aside.*)—Sir, I wait upon you from Sir Hervey Sutherland: he arrived here to-day, and knowing of your love for his daughter—

Lavish. Came down to increase her confinement, I suppose.

Alltrade. No trifling, Sir; he is convinced you are concerned in her elopement—

Lavish. Elopement!—how!—what!—Juliana eloped?

Alltrade. You know she has, Sir; and Sir Hervey insists—

Lavish. Eloped!—Juliana free!—out of the widow's and her father's custody!—Which way did she go?—what road did she take?—speak, speak this instant.

Alltrade. I speak!—if I knew, of course you would be the last man I should give information to.

Lavish. Indeed!

Alltrade. Certainly.—Sir Hervey is my friend, and if his daughter isn't at present in your power, I shall unite with him in opposing your pursuit of her.

Lavish. You will!

Alltrade. Undoubtedly.

Lavish. Pray, Sir, were you ever at Newmarket?

Alltrade. Newmarket, Sir!—I—I—

Lavish. Ay, Newmarket, Sir, Newmarket.—Frank, give me my cane.

Alltrade. Stay, Sir—what do you want with your cane?

Lavish (taking cane from FRANK). Only to help your memory.—Look!—(shaking it)—were you ever at Newmarket?

Alltrade (bowing). Yes, I was, Sir.

Lavish. And you'll oppose me in pursuing—

Alltrade. No, believe me, Sir.

Lavish. And if you knew which road she took—

Alltrade. I'd tell you, upon my honour, Sir.

Lavish. Then retire—begone this instant.—

And d'ye hear, if you're not satisfied with this treatment, call again, and I'll give you a warmer reception—(shaking his cane, ALLTRADE exit).—

And now for Juliana—now for the idol of my soul!—Frank, get the curricule: no, I shall only hurry and lame my own horses—get a chaise and four.

Frank. Chaise and four!—is this the way to retrench?—and consider, Sir, Miss Sutherland has no money; and you always said you'd never marry any woman who had less than ten thousand pounds.

Lavish. I did: but that's an awkward sum: a woman with ten thousand pounds expects houses, horses, carriages—in short, to spend double her own income, and her husband's too. But a woman without a farthing; she manages the house, mends the linen, nurses the children, scolds the servants—Oh! that's the real rich wife—and the poor Juliana will be the best bargain I ever made.—So go, do as I tell you: and observe, I'll marry her if I sacrifice my whole fortune in the pursuit.

Frank. Sacrifice your whole fortune, Sir!

Lavish. Ay, I will, if I save it a thousand ways.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE—*Outside of LAVISH's House.**Enter Mrs. DAZZLE—her hat and cloak on.*

Mrs. Dazzle. So, now to enter this perfidious Captain's house.—Not only love and jealousy urge me to separate him and Juliana; but as I know he don't mean to marry her, it is my business to get her once more into Alltrade's power:—yes, Miss Juliana; let me recover my husband's hundred thousand pounds, and I'll warrant I'll recover my Captain. He, like the rest of the world, won't visit virtue in a cottage, but place me in a magnificent house,—ay, there's the secret:—now-a-days people visit the building, not the owner of it; and on the size of the rooms, and the number of the entertainments, we may not only calculate our friends and admirers, but also the good and bad opinion of the whole fashionable world!

*[Exit into LAVISH's house.]**Enter WORRY and JULIANA.*

Juliana. Look out; we are pursued:—I'm sure they were Mrs. Dazzle's servants.

Worry. They were! but we've outrun them.

Juliana. Yes: but if they come up with us, I shall be forced back and endure increased persecution:—Oh! I wish we were safe at this Mr. MIST's house.

Worry. So do I:—though you see what a strange gentleman he is!—he left us to examine the first slow waggon we met; but don't despond, madam:—I won't leave you—no, I'll die first.

Juliana. Kind—generous ! but I cannot bear to involve you : remember you have a wife, and—

Worry. Remember !—I shall never forget it !

Juliana. Nay : but a husband is of so much consequence to his family—

Worry. Bless you, I'm of no consequence ; nobody ever wants me :—if any body leaves a card, it's for Mrs. Worry :—if any body sends an invitation, it's for Mrs. Worry :— if an invitation is sent in return, it's still Mrs. Worry : nobody calls or asks after the husband, except indeed the tradespeople !—they are kind enough now and then to notice me : but like other great married men, I'm obliged to be out when they call : so, curse me if I've even the pleasure of being at home to a dun ! but we waste time, let us proceed to Mr. Mist's house.

Juliana. Ay : for Heaven's sake dispatch—

Alltrade (without). You take that side of the road, I'll take this :—she cannot escape then.

Juliana. There, 'tis Mr. Alltrade's voice !—and both sides of the road are guarded by enemies.

Worry. Yes : it's all over—we're between two fires.—Which way shall we go ?—(*Pointing to LAVISH's door :*) that door stands most invitingly open, suppose we enter it.

Juliana. Do—instantly : why, what's the matter ? you were quite valiant just now !

Worry. I was : but I fancy my courage is more like a new acquaintance than an old friend,—professes a great deal at first, but generally sneaks off in the hour of danger : however, lead on—and let us hope to receive from strangers that protection which friends have denied us.

[*Exeunt into LAVISH's house.*]

Enter

Enter ALLTRADE.

Alltrade. So—there she goes into Captain LAVISH's house : bravo, Miss JULIANA!—and there she may stay for me: I'll to Sir Hervey instantly, and let him come himself and fight it out: for all the legacies registered in Doctors Commons should not induce me to re-enter those doors and receive another warm reception! [Exit.

SCENE—*Inside LAVISH's house, recess, &c. as in first Scene of this Act.*

Enter LAVISH and Mrs. DAZZLE.

Lavish. Now you've searched every part of the house; now are you satisfied Miss Sutherland is not concealed in it?—'Sdeath! to detain me at such a moment—(*Aside*).

Mrs. Dazzle. No:—she's not in the house I grant you; but the chaise! the chaise and four!—pray, most economical Captain, do you usually travel with four horses?

Lavish. Always:—it's by far the cheapest plan: it shortens the journey, saves stopping at inns; in short, the additional shilling is no object, and if I had but ten pounds a-year, I'd always travel with four horses:—and now, my dear widow, allow me to see you home.

Mrs. Dazzle. Take care, Sir:—disappointed love knows no bounds; and recollect it is in my power to expose you to my rival:—I have your letters in my possession,—letters in which you laugh and rail at marriage:—letters—

Lavish. Nay, be patient.—There now! this it is to be dragooned into an attachment,—she has me, by all that's frugal!—(*Aside.*)—Come then, sit down, and let us drink to the revival of our friendship!—See: here's famous Madeira!—ay: you may stare: but this too is on the cheapest plan I promise you, for while it takes two bottles of port to make me drunk, one of Madeira does it completely.—So here's to the rival—(*tapping hard at stage door P. S.*)—Why, what's that? ha!

Mrs. Dazzle. Mercy!—somebody's coming!—for heaven's sake don't let me be seen—I'll step into this room—(*Goes to stage door O. P. and tapping heard there.*)

Worry (outside the door). Madam, where are you, madam?

Mrs. Dazzle. Why, what is all this?—it is done on purpose to expose me!—Oh, Mr. Lavish! if you have either feeling or gallantry, think of my situation: a widow only a fortnight, and to be detected alone in a Captain's house!—

Lavish. Well! step into that recess—quick, quick—(*Mrs. DAZZLE in her hurry drops her cloak, then enters recess, and LAVISH fastens the door upon her.*)—So—there I have you fast; and now—(*taking his cane from the table.*)

Juliana (outside the door P. S.). Mr. Worry, why don't you answer? me, my dear Mr. Worry.

Lavish. Damme, I'll Worry you—I'll answer you (*opens door and enter JULIANA*): Heaven's! Miss Sutherland!

Juliana. Mr. Lavish! I beg pardon, Sir:—when I took refuge in this house, I little thought to meet you.—Good day, Sir. (*Going.*)

Lavish. What! now—the very moment that I've found you?

Juliana,

Juliana. What can I do, Mr. Lavish!—I own I owe you obligations—nay, more—I confess I could have loved you:—but I have told you my determination—you are my father's enemy—therefore we cannot be friends:—farewel, Sir!

Lavish. Mighty well, madam, mighty well!—but this isn't your real motive—you love another: you love this Mr. Worry!—answer me candidly, ma'am!—did he not run away with you?

Juliana. He did!—but——

Lavish. He did!—then may I run into every species of extravagance, if when I catch him, I don't give him the Newmarket flourish (*shaking his cane*).—Where is he?—where is this Mr. Worry?

Enter WORRY.

Worry. Here at your service, Sir.

Lavish. This my rival!—this antient, wizen, dowager-like—Don't be unmanly, Lavish!—never strike an old woman I intreat you (*throwing away his cane*).—Besides now I look at him, 'tis Sir Hervey's—you dear, amiable, agreeable:—one Mrs. WORRY is sufficient for you, or the devil's in't.

Worry. Very likely, Sir: but if you have no rival in an old woman, as you please to call me, I fancy Miss Sutherland has! when I listened at the door, I'll swear I heard the widow's voice.

Lavish. The widow!—no, Juliana—I can prove myself as great an economist in love as in money.

Worry. Are you sure you can, Sir?

Lavish. Sure!—if since the hour I first beheld her, I haven't treasured every thought, hoarded every look!—stored——

Worry

Worry (pointing to Mrs. DAZZLE's cloak on the ground). Pray, Sir, who does that cloak belong to?

Lavish. That cloak!—Oh that cloak is one of my bargains.

Worry. Is it? then you buy very dear bargains, I fancy.—Look, madam,—(taking up cloak) isn't it Mrs. Dazzle's?

Juliana. It is: and since this confirms what I have long suspected, I have now an additional motive for avoiding you.—Mr. Lavish, we never meet again.—Come (to WORRY)!

Worry (to LAVISH). I say, if you don't hoard your money better than your love, never think of matrimony—you'll find it too expensive a bargain for you, I promise you. (Going.)

Sir Hervey Sutherland (without). Where is he?—where is Captain Lavish?

Lavish. Sir Hervey! 'Slife! what brings him here?

Juliana. My father! oh Heavens! and to find me under the roof of his enemy—

Worry. And me also!—Mrs. Worry herself couldn't terrify me more.—Come along, madam, and let's leave the Captain to stand the brunt.—

Juliana. Ay: lose not a moment.—And oh, Mr. Lavish! as this is the last time we shall ever meet, remember the parting words of her you once regarded—Pacify my father, do not incense him—be his friend, and 'spite of your falshood and unkindness, you may still be mine.

Worry. And mine—ha! ha! there's another bad bargain for him!

(JULIANA exit—WORRY is following, when LAVISH lays hold of him and prevents his going). Holloa! what's the matter?

Enter

Enter Sir HERVEY.

Sir Hervey. So, Mr. Lavish; 'tis still doomed that we're to meet as enemies—where is Miss Sutherland, Sir?

Lavish. Sir Hervey, on the honour of a gentleman, I know nothing of your daughter's elopement; for any further information I refer you to Mr. Worry (*pushing WORRY forwards*). I say, who has the best of the bargain now?

Sir Hervey. 'Sdeath! I've a great mind—(*advancing towards WORRY, and stopping*)—but he is only agent;—to you as principal, I look for reparation and redress.—Hear me, Sir—Mrs. Dazzle, a lady of the strictest truth and honour—the first informed me of your infamous designs, and now—not half an hour ago, a friend, on whose word I can equally rely, saw Miss Sutherland enter this very house: therefore there is no alternative but this—instantly restore her, or—you guess the result.

Lavish. I do—but I'll waste no more powder, Sir Hervey.

Sir Hervey. How?

Lavish. No: dying is certainly a cheap mode of living, and to a man in desperate circumstances, a duel may be a good saving scheme: but having hoarded enough to make life comfortable, why I'm a curst fool if I don't save it a thousand ways. (*Sits down*).

Sir Hervey. Poor, paltry prevarication!—Remember, Mr. Lavish, we were once friends—I treated you as a son—you esteemed me as a parent—and what dissolved that friendship?—you chose to vindicate the honour of a false wife, and call me to the field—did I not come?

Lavish. You did, Sir.

Sir

Sir Hervey. And now where is your consistency?—you would bring my daughter to the same degraded state; you would reduce her to the level of her mother; and when an injured father asks for satisfaction, you refuse to give it him—what is this but cowardice? plain unequivocal cowardice!

Lavish. Cowardice! ill as Miss Sutherland has treated me, I never meant to raise my arm against her father:—but when you allude to the memory of her I owe such obligations to, and say I would reduce her daughter to the same degraded state—'tis past bearing—I can't endure it! and you may shoot me as soon as you please.

Sir Hervey. Here are the weapons then—(*putting pistol into LAVISH's hand*).

Worry. Hold, Sir; he is innocent, Miss Sutherland is slandered!—the lady your friend saw enter this house was a very different person—it was the widow, indeed it was the widow!

Sir Hervey. Mrs. Dazzle?

Worry. Ay: 'tis she that carries on an amour with the Captain; and though I can't produce her to prove it, I can at least produce a part of her;—look, Sir—do you see this cloak?

Sir Hervey. Away! 'tis my unfeeling daughter's, and the sight so heightens my resentment—Come, Sir, wrongs like mine will brook no more delay, and you must either meet a coward's or a villain's fate—

Lavish. Coward again!—Come, then—here's my ground! (*goes up stage.*)

Worry (stopping Sir HERVEY). Don't think me impertinent Sir—but while you as a man of honour think it your duty to fight a duel, I as an honest man think it mine to prevent it!—it's the widow! upon

upon my soul, it's the widow! (*holding Sir HERVEY's arm who struggles to get it loosened.*)

Sir Hervey. Distraction!—nay then—thus—
(*throws WORRY violently from him, who, falling against doors of recess, they burst open and Mrs. DAZZLE is discovered standing on the pedestal surrounded by doves, &c.*)

Worry (*who has fallen at her feet, still looking up in her face*). It's the widow!—upon my soul it's the widow!

Sir Hervey. Amazement!—can that be Mrs. Dazzle!

Lavish. No—it's a statue—you see it's a statue.
(*Mrs. DAZZLE rises, walks quickly down the stage and exit.*)

Worry. Halloa! won't you take your cloak along with you? you'll want it to cover your sins!

Sir Hervey. Hypocrite! I now view her in her true colours, and I am doomed to be the dupe of woman.—Mr. Lavish, I see my friend was mistaken, and I acknowledge I have wronged you.

Lavish. Psha!—I want no acknowledgment—if you wish to make me amends, stay and dine with me—mine is the system of economy, and as I can't lay out money to better advantage than in entertaining an old friend, I'll give you a dinner fit for the court of Aldermen—I will, if I save it a thousand ways.

Sir Hervey. Excuse me, Sir—your innocence on the present occasion will not do away former injuries; nor will Mrs. Dazzle's bad conduct be an apology for my daughter's.—No!—whilst I thought love the cause of her elopement, it was my duty to pursue and save her:—but since I see self-interest is the motive, and that she fled to avoid signing an instrument which would have saved me from disgrace,

grace, and not have injured her—I shall no longer condescend to seek her.

—*Worry.* 'Tis no such thing, Sir—and if you will go to her at Mr. Mist's house—

Sir Hervey. Peace!—and instantly attend me home, where, if the account of your own conduct prove not satisfactory—(*Worry attempts to speak*).—Nay, this is no place for explanation—go on before—Mr. Lavish, I have the honour to wish you good evening! (*Worry and Sir HERVEY exeunt.*)

Lavish. Here's bad reckoning!—'tis well I calculate better in money matters. But what's to be done?—he said she was gone to Mr. Mist's:—well! if I follow her, she won't see me;—if I write to her, she won't answer my letter.—Oh! she's lost!—Juliana's lost to me for ever!

Enter FRANK.

Frank. Sir, is the chaise to wait?

Lavish (*not regarding him*). And yet,—if I could gain an interview—hark'ye, Frank—do you know any body at Mr. Mist's the Manager's?

Frank. Yes: and so do you, Sir—Stopgap, who left your service to go on the stage, is now his prompter.

Lavish. That's fortunate—I'll go to him instantly; and if he will but do me a favour—

Frank. That he will, if you'll bribe him: only give him ten pounds—but that you know, Sir, won't suit your system of economy.

Lavish. Won't it?—ten pound is no object, and I've lately made so many good bargains, that it's d—d hard if I can't afford to throw away an odd bank note or two.—So, come along—and if after all I do live a little beyond my income, it's no fault of mine, Frank.

Frank.

Frank. No! whose is it then, Sir?

Lavish. Whose!—why it is the fault of those selfish harpies who make economy useless—who raise the price of every article:—and if Sir Hervey and other fighting gentlemen would unload their pistols on jobbers, forestallers, and monopolizers, their valour would be directed to the best purposes—I might live cheap, and the country would be cleared of it's worst enemies! [Exeunt.

THE END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE—*Outside of a Theatre, and MIST's house ;
LAVISH discovered listening at the door.*

Lavish. Gad ! I hope the prompter don't want prompting : (*Looking at his watch*) By this 'tis ten minutes, but by my reckoning ten hours, since Stopgap entered this house with a letter for Juliana, —so—he comes !—he comes !

Enter STOPGAP (from the house).

Lavish. Well ! what news ?—have you seen Miss Sutherland ?

Stopgap. I have, and here—(*producing a letter*).

Lavish. Here's an answer to my letter.

Stopgap. No ;—there's your letter back again—she refused to open it, and in my presence ordered the servants not to admit you into the house.

Lavish. What ! she persists——

Stopgap. Most obstinately, Sir ;—but spite of her refusal, make it worth my while, and I'll procure you an interview :—excuse the hint, Sir ; but if you recollect when I lived with you, you were so saving——

Lavish. So I am still :—worse and worse,—more economical than ever ;—but the hope of gaining such a treasure as Juliana !—here you rogue,—here's ten pounds on the strength of it (*giving him a bank note*).

Stopgap.

Stopgap. So there is ;—then listen :—the play to night is the “ Road to Ruin,” and Mr. Prettyman, who was to have performed Goldfinch, has just met with an accident :—now, Sir, having no substitute, and it being too late to change the play, suppose you wait on the Manager, and offer to supply his place.

Lavish. I supply !

Stopgap. Why not ? at the private theatre I have seen you act this very part :—then an interview is certain ; for Mr. Mist’s house adjoins the theatre, and Miss Sutherland is now in a room close to the stage.

Lavish. Is she ?—then I’ll double Prettyman ;—I’ll act Goldfinch,—“ that’s your fort ;”—but hold, hold—don’t introduce me by my own name ; call me Mr. Crib, or Mr. Glib, or Mr. Squib.

Stopgap. I will ; I’ll call you Mr. Squib.—Hush !—he comes. (*They stand aside.*)

Enter MIST and Mrs. DAZZLE.

Mist. How ! what ! London Manager !—Husband die a London Manager !—Go on, imperial Mrs. M. P.

Mrs. Dazzle. Nay, I only tell you that Mr. Dazzle, a short time previous to his decease, was in treaty for a moiety of one of the London theatres ; but I cannot say whether he lived to complete his purchase ;—however, I shall write by this post.

Mist. And so will I :—and if he did purchase, throne devolves to you.—Bless me ! how majestic she looks !—and her play.—When shall I hear the rest of your most magnificent play ?—Nay, spare a country monarch :—thought her great actress,—
E you

you humble author:—now you turn out manager, and she worse than a dummy.

Mrs. Dazzle. Well, Sir, you know how to make atonement; your friend Mr. Alltrade wishes to marry this ungrateful girl, and as she is now under your roof——

Mist. Enough—send for Alltrade, and then, “Good morrow, good Queen Mary.”

Mrs. Dazzle. I will;—I’ll go write to him instantly;—and in return, if I do possess a London theatre, depend on’t you shall be my sole manager.

Mist. Right!—I’m the man to rule behind curtain.—I’m the man to accept pieces, cast parts, and every night secure an overflow;—but go, thou author of the divinest tragedy (*kisses her hand, and Mrs. DAZZLE exit*). Never shall it be acted though; never shall she act her own infernal——

Stopgap (advancing). Sir!—more bad luck, Sir!—Mr. Prettyman, in trying to pull on the only pair of new boots we have in the theatre, has just put out his shoulder bone, consequently there is nobody to act Goldfinch.

Mist. Put out shoulder bone!—what now!—Just before doors open?

Stopgap. Even so, Sir; and we have lately made so many apologies——

Mist. True; made one last night, two the night before: zounds! there’ll be a riot; and all owing to this ungrateful shamming——See how it is—benefit’s over—that’s it—got four pounds over expences, and till that’s gone, act Road to Ruin off, instead of on, the stage; but what’s to be done?—found out, Stop; d——e we shall be found out.

Stopgap.

Stopgap. Nay: there is hope still—look yonder, Sir; that gentleman is an excellent substitute; he is perfect in the part, and with your leave is ready to go on with it.—I'll introduce him—Mr. Squib, this is Mr. Mist.

Lavish. Sir, your most devoted—

Mist. (haughtily). Servant, my lad; servant—so, call yourself an actor! heh! hem!

Lavish. I do—at your service, Sir.

Mist. My service!—he! he!—that's another matter—see you act first—if miss, exit Squib—if hit, enter at half a guinea a week.

Lavish. Psha!—money's no object.

Mist. No!

Lavish. No, I've saved a fortune, Mr. Manager, and am so attached to the stage, that I'll not only act gratis, but when there are not expences in the house, I'll be bound to pay them—I will, if I save it a thousand ways.

Mist. Will you?—oh that I had a whole company like him!—why you're a high fellow!

Lavish (speaking from GOLDFINCH.) “To be
“ sure—know the odds—hold four in hand—beat
“ the mail—come in full speed—rattle down the
“ gateway—take care of your heads—never killed
“ but one woman and a child in all my life—that's
“ your fort!”

Mist. Bravo!—capital!—and no salary!—my dear Mr. Squib—all gratitude—all thankfulness—by and bye rule a London theatre—perhaps Covent Garden—Know present acting manager!

Lavish. What!

Mist. Mum!—kick him out, whip you in.

Lavish. That's right—kick out present stupid acting manager, and whip me in;—but come along— isn't it time to dress?

Mist. Not quite ; just time to crack bottle, and draw up apology—must get one ready written :—much warfare lately—last night affronted audience myself.

Lavish. Yourself ! how ?

Mist. Tell you :—whenever theatre's thin, always get drunk.

Lavish. In the name of heaven, why ?

Mist. He ! he ! he !—'cause it makes me see double—so going to take a peep, mistook my way, and in dagger scene of Macbeth, reeled upon the stage, and staggered up to lamps !—never so well received before ;—delighted with applause, stood smiling and bowing, till Macbeth bore me off, 'midst the shouting and huzzaing of a genteel, though not a numerous, audience—Expect bustle to night in consequence—so must knock under a little—not too much though—I'm Manager—heh !—hem !—but come along ; and over bottle drink success—

Lavish. There's no occasion ; my Goldfinch never failed—"that's your sort !" [Exeunt.

SCENE—*A grand Saloon in Sutherland House*
—*Masks discovered dancing.*

After dance, ALLTRADE dressed in a Domino enters with a Servant.

Alltrade (a letter in his hand). From Mrs. Dazzle, you say ; perhaps some news of Miss Sutherland. (*Opens letter and reads*) : "Juliana is at Mr. Mist's, and he completely in our interest.—Come directly, and if Sir Hervey has given you his consent, make him write it to his

“ his daughter : and if he objects to that from
 “ motives of pride and delicacy, bid him write to
 “ the Manager, and entreat him to enforce his
 “ command : this shewn to Juliana will secure all;
 “ —she will forfeit the legacy, and a third of my
 “ husband’s estate will be yours!”——Excellent!
 and he has given me his consent—what’s
 here? a postscript!—(*Reads on*): “ If Juliana has
 “ signed the bond, don’t mention it to Sir Hervey
 “ —he’ll expect money, and at present you know
 “ we have none to give him.”——True: and
 the bond is already disposed of; for if all else fail,
 that will be a grand resource.—My compliments
 to Mrs. Dazzle, and I’ll wait upon her presently.
 (*Servant exit.*)

Enter Sir HERVEY hastily.

Sir Hervey. Alltrade! my friend!—I’m glad
 I’ve found you—(*taking his hand*).

Alltrade. Why, what agitates you?

Sir Hervey. I’m ruined—I’m exposed—look—
 do you see those masks? (*pointing to two masks in
 dominos who stand apart from the rest*).

Alltrade. I do—what of them?

Sir Hervey (*whispering him*). Hush.

Alltrade. Bailiffs!

Sir Hervey. Ay, an execution for a thousand
 pounds, and a writ against my person for nearly
 the same sum.—And now, in the meridian of my
 splendor, I am to meet the scorn of all around
 me; now, in the midst of friends—but be it so—
 a gaol can’t yield me less substantial joy than this
 unmeaning, artificial scene.

Alltrade. Come, come, don’t rail at that which,
 till now, gave you happiness.

Sir Hervey. Never.—What has it afforded me? days of distress, and nights of fever and disgrace: borrowing one day, to pay double the next; flying to the gaming-table—sacrificing fortune, health, honour—and for what?—to appear fashionable; to make a false display of wealth; and fritter away life in the society of knaves I detest, and fools I despise.—Call you this happiness?—No, 'tis desperation, 'tis delirium!

Alltrade. Nay, be composed; there is still a way to save you. You know this distress would have been avoided had your daughter signed the bond.

Sir Hervey. Name her not—I do not wish to curse her.

Alltrade. Well, but if she will still sign—and remember our conversation this morning—on your wishing she had a husband to protect her, and my naming myself, you were pleased to say she could not be in better hands.

Sir Hervey. I did—but what has this to do with—

Alltrade. Every thing.—Let the marriage take place, and I, in the character of husband, can execute the bond myself. Then these debts will be discharged, and all go well again. Come, though you say you don't dislike a prison, I am too much your friend to see you put to the trial.

Sir Hervey. Well, I own I dread the exposure and disgrace.

Alltrade. Then to avoid it, write a strong letter to your daughter; state that her accepting my hand can alone save you from ruin.

Sir Hervey. I write!—I condescend!

Alltrade. Nay then, to make it less irksome to your feelings, write to the gentleman under whose protection

protection she has placed herself; bid him exert his influence.—Come, step with me into the next room, and I'll dictate the contents.

Sir Hervey. Well, do with me what you will; but I've but little hope.

Alltrade. And I'm most sanguine; and before to-night is past, you shall again enjoy this scene of splendid revelry.

Sir Hervey. What, when I view it in its proper light?—No, my friend; strip dissipation of its robe of fashion—shew it in its naked deformity—see it surrounded by its offspring, poverty, suicide, despair, and madness!—and who would be weak enough to pursue it?—But lead on, I obey your wishes.

[*Exeunt.*]

(*Dancing renewed.*)

Re-enter SIR HERVEY.

Sir Hervey. So, I have sent the letter.—I know not why, I trembled as I wrote it; and at the thought of thus disposing of my child, my foreboding heart—but I dare think no more—let the dance go on.

Enter WORRY.

Worry. Oh, Sir!—such news!—didn't you say Miss Sutherland hadn't signed the bond?

Sir Hervey. I did: and but now my friend Alltrade—

Worry. Your friend!—only listen, Sir—my nephew, I'm sorry to mention it, is an attorney; and he had the impudence to call here and ask for a ticket for your masked ball. Says he, “I can

“support a character.”—Says I, “That’s impossible, because you’ve no character to support.”—
 “Nay,” says he, “I’m grown honest since I saw you.”—“Oh! you are, are you?” says I;
 “then pray walk up; novelty at a masquerade is every thing.”

Sir Hervey. Psha! what’s this to me?

Worry. You shall hear, Sir. I am more sorry to mention he is Mr. Alltrade’s attorney; and, by his orders, has just taken the bond to Miss Sutherland, at Mr. Mist’s.

Sir Hervey. Indeed! and what was the result?

Worry. What! why the moment he shewed her your name at the bottom of it, she burst into tears; then taking up the pen, she exclaimed, “Though my father is unmindful of my distresses, I can never forget his; and were it to doom me to imprisonment or death, I would execute with pleasure.”

Sir Hervey. How! and did she—

Worry. She did.—And another thing—you must have signed the bond without reading it: instead of two years, ’tis payable on demand.

Sir Hervey. ’Tis false! I’ll not believe a word.

Worry. I thought so—I thought this would be the case; and therefore I persuaded my nephew to trust me with it—(*produces bond*).—Look, here is at once a proof of your friend’s villainy and your daughter’s virtue!—See how you have wronged her, and how he has wronged you. But the widow, she is the arch agent! and talk of gentlemen of the long robe, curse me but I believe there’s more mischief under one gown than another!

Sir Hervey (reading bond). “Juliana Sutherland!”—(*weeps and lets bond fall.*)—Where is she, where is my daughter?

Worry.

Worry. How!—do you mean——

Sir Hervey. I do; I mean to prove myself her father: the bitter secret long has rankled here, but now I can divulge it: and if a shattered heart can once more vibrate at the touch of joy, it will be when I clasp my wronged, exalted child!—Come, let us fly!

Worry. Ay, the faster the better.—I'm so happy!—If Mrs. Worry were in Heaven, I couldn't be happier!—(as they are going, Bailiffs in dominos advance.)

Bailiff. Excuse us, Sir Hervey, we cannot part with you; and unless the debt is instantly paid, we must conduct you to prison.

Worry. To prison!

Sir Hervey. Ay; behold my well timed punishment!—Now, on the brink of happiness, I am to meet the sure reward of desperation and extravagance!

Bailiff. Nay, why upbraid yourself, Sir Hervey? a man of your rank couldn't live shabbily.

Sir Hervey. No; but I might have lived honorably; I might have lived within my income; that is the barrier no man of true honour ever passes: and if stealing on the highway be punished with death, why should the more refined robber, who defrauds the industrious tradesman of the hard earnings by which he is to support his family, why should he escape?—Oh! let no man boast the proud name of gentleman, who contracts debts he cannot pay!—But I attend you—lead on—and yet—Distraction!—William!

Worry. Sir!

Sir Hervey. The worst I had forgotten: you know not half your master's weakness, half his villany!

villany!—not an hour ago I wrote a letter, and commanded my daughter to marry——

Worry. Whom, Sir?

Sir Hervey. The worst, the vilest of mankind!

Worry. Mr. Alltrade?

Sir Hervey. Yes; I, her father, in return for all her fondness and affection, commanded her to link herself to infamy, dishonour!—But is it yet too late to save her?—will she not be merciful?—oh! will she not disobey me?

Worry. No, she's so affectionate, that the moment she reads the letter—

Sir Hervey. Ay, but perhaps she has not yet received it.—Go, lose not a moment; 'tis directed to the gentleman at whose house she now resides.

Worry. I'll go; I'll do all I can to save her: and, in the mean time, pray keep up your spirits, Sir: indeed, indeed you deserve a better fate.

Sir Hervey. No, I deserve it all!—think what I am, and what I might have been!—now an outcast and a beggar, dragged from my home, and plunged into a prison!—and, but for fashion and its errors, that house had been a heaven!—But my child!—go—be swifter than the letter—save her from seeing what will make her curse me; and, whilst it dooms her to eternal misery, will be an everlasting evidence of my disgrace! [Exeunt.

SCENE—*An Apartment in MIST's House.**(Knocking at the door.)—Enter Mrs. DAZZLE.*

Mrs. Dazzle. 'Tis he! 'tis Alltrade! now for it!—now if Sir Hervey has but consented to the marriage.—*(Here LAVISH opens door in back scene, and is coming out; but seeing Mrs. DAZZLE stops and listens).* Oh, I'm so anxious.—*(Enter ALL-TRADE.)*—Well! what success? will the match take place?—shall I inherit my husband's estate?

Alltrade. You will! this letter from Sir Hervey to Mr. Mist will explain and secure every thing.

Mrs. Dazzle. Let me see—*(takes letter and reads)*: “To Mr. Mist.—Sir, My daughter
“having placed herself under your protection, I
“am induced to think you have an influence over
“her, though her father has none; therefore let
“me entreat you to exert it, by persuading her to
“accept the hand of my friend Mr. Alltrade, and
“assure her that her marriage with that gentleman
“can alone save me from ruin, or lead to the re-
“conciliation, she has so long pretended to wish
“for.—HERVEY SUTHERLAND.”

Alltrade. There! she's too dutiful to refuse.

Mrs. Dazzle. Oh, the thought of saving him from ruin would of itself induce her to consent; but the hope of a reconciliation also!—delightful! charming! Go, take the letter to Mr. Mist, and bid him come and shew it Juliana directly.

Alltrade. I will.

Mrs. Dazzle. And, d'ye hear; then away to a parson: in the mean time I'll get a licence, and in less than half an hour the marriage shall take place in this very room,

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Madam, here's a Mr. Worry——

Mrs. Dazzle. Don't admit him; remember you have orders to admit nobody.—(*Servant exit.*) Away! dispatch, my friend; and now Miss Juliana, I defy you! neither your father nor your lover, no, not even the economical Captain, can save his darling treasure now. [*Exit.*]

Lavish (advancing). Can't he? he'll try a thousand ways though.—'Sdeath! no sooner reconciled to Juliana—no sooner convinced her of my truth and affection, than I'm to see her——If she reads the letter; all's over! for her last words were, "I will marry no man, but the one my father selects for me."—and now, when his ruin and a reconciliation depend on her consenting——plague on't! I could play the fool and weep: yes, I'm no niggard here! (*putting his hand to his heart*)—and if I can purchase her safety even at the loss of my life, I shall reckon it the best bargain I ever made.

Mist (without). Very well, I'll deliver letter—I'll make widow amends.

Lavish. Here he comes, and in his possession what will for ever ruin me and Juliana; nay, also Sir Hervey:—I'm sure he's under some dreadful error; and if I can save his daughter at this moment, my triumph will be ten times greater than in fighting him;—yes, that I shall call honourable satisfaction. What can I devise?—see the letter she shall not! and there is no way to prevent it but by getting this credulous old manager out of the room. Let me see—I have it!—he talked of a riot in his theatre!—it will do! it will do!

Enter

Enter MIST drunk.

Mist (the letter in his hand). So, here's Sir Hervey's letter; and I'm to shew it Miss Sutherland; and enforce marriage, and—u-u-up! (*Hiccuping*): methinks I fee double again—methinks—no—no I'm not on stage now, 'cause hear no applause: drunk or sober, sure to encourage such a promising young actor.

Lavish (observing him). Drunk too!—better and better!

Mist. He! he! he!—wonder how Mr. Squib—how Mr. No Salary's going on?—says he, "I'm a "private actor!"—"Hem," says I, "more private "the better:"—hope they accept him though; hope they let him double Prettyman; if not, here's such an apology! (*pulling out a paper, and putting it back again*)—such a beautiful, witty composition; but hold:—now to see Miss Sutherland!

Lavish (coming against him). And now to prevent you. (*Aside.*)—Oh, Sir, I was just going for you: the riot is begun,—the whole theatre is in an uproar.

Mist. Devil! what!—want Prettyman?

Lavish. No, they want you—Tell you how it was—Stopgap went on, and claimed their usual indulgence—on which a little tiger-faced fellow exclaimed from the pit, "We'll bear it no longer!—"if the Manager will constantly make apologies, "play the best parts, act his own farces, get drunk, "and reel upon the stage, why the theatre is a nuisance!"

Mist. A nuisance!

Lavish. Ay: "And either let him come and "account for his conduct, or let us treat it as a nuisance!"

“fance:—let us pull it down!”—He was strongly supported; and I left the whole house calling “Manager! Manager!”—so go—go directly (*pulling him*).

Mist. I go! I account!—to whom:—to a five pound house!—to a tiger-faced gentleman, and a dozen more ungrateful, tasteless scoundrels—I!

Lavish. Tasteless!

Mist. Yes: haven’t I done every thing!—turn’d author, actor, engaged Harlequin, and half ruined myself to please ’em?—and now—look ’ye, Mr. Squib, here’s my apology—(*taking paper out of his pocket*):—if that will satisfy ’em, let Stop read it—if not, and they still abuse me as acting manager, see how they like me in another character—acting magistrate!—Damme! myself and two constables ’ll take the whole house!

Lavish (*looking at the paper in MIST’s hand*): By heaven, he has mistaken!—’tis Sir Hervey’s letter! (*aside*).—Yes! that will do: give me that apology, and I’ll answer for every body being satisfied—nay! there’s no time for hesitation—they absolutely threatened to make you go down on your knees.

Mist. His knees!—a Manager on his knees!—that for ’em! (*snapping his fingers and turning away from LAVISH*).

Lavish. Nay; the apology—’tis, ’tis Sir Hervey’s hand! (*aside*).—Give me the apology.

Mist. That for ’em! won’t—won’t condescend to let ’em hear even apology now.

Lavish. No!—’Sdeath: I’ve marr’d every thing. (*Aside*).

Mist. No: soon manage London audience, and not even to them—but they know better—and were I before ’em at this moment—instead of

asking for apology—instead of approving this mean cowardly piece of writing, they'd applaud me for destroying it—they would!—so there!—preserved my character both as man and as Manager! (*tears Sir HERVEY's letter.*)

Lavish. You have! and Juliana's preserved and I'm preserved!—(*Enter Mrs. DAZZLE.*)—"Here am I, widow—been to Hatchet's—bespoke wedding coach—all flash—damn the expence—that's your sort."

Mrs. Dazzle. You here, Sir!—Mr. Mist, have you shewn Miss Sutherland her father's letter?

Mist. No; and can't stay to do it now—must go quell riot—must talk to tiger-fac'd gentleman—

Mrs. Dazzle (stopping him). Nay: if you wish to make me amends, I insist you do it instantly, and let me be eye witness of his mortification and her despair—Come forth, Miss Juliana!—(*opens door in back scene, and leads out JULIANA.*)—Now, Mr. Mist, where is Sir Hervey's letter?

Mist. Here (*pulling out paper*).

Mrs. Dazzle. Then read it, and secure my triumph.

Mist. I will—hem! (*Reads*).—"Ladies and Gentlemen, the disagreeable dilemma to which I am reduced——"

Mrs. Dazzle (snatching it from him). Why, you mistake—let me read.—(*Reads*)—"Ladies and Gentlemen, the disagreeable dilemma to which I am reduced——" why what's this paper?

Mist. An apology—that I'm ready to offer you, though not audience—I'm very sorry, but can't stay to explain now—(*Going*).

Mrs. Dazzle. Astonishing!—why, what's become of Sir Hervey's letter?

Mist.

Miss. What! (*points to the torn letter*).—You take the hint—must go to tiger faced gentleman—you take the hint. [Exit.

Mrs. Dazzle. What can he mean!—I'll follow him, and have the matter explained instantly—and don't fancy to escape, Miss Juliana; for Sir Hervey shall come himself and enforce his consent; and if that fails,—the bond—look to the bond—Oh, you may smile, Sir (*to LAVISH*), but you'll find revenge is still in my power. [Exit.

Lavish. You hear, Miss Sutherland; and to avoid the danger with which you are threatened take my advice and be beforehand with them.—Fly to your father—throw yourself at his feet—entreat his protection—

Juliana. I will; there is no other hope—go where I will, they still pursue and persecute me.—Yes! I'll to my father!

Lavish. Come then—allow me to conduct you—and if I too throw myself at his feet, and he no longer thinks me his enemy—

Juliana. Alas! even then, Mr. Lavish—consider, I am so destitute of every hope of fortune—

Lavish. Fortune! oh, if that's all the difficulty, it's only to lessen our expences—to live on a narrow scale:—instead of a house in Grosvenor-square, we must be content with one in Grosvenor-street:—instead of four horses, we must drive only a pair:—and to avoid gaming and giving great entertainments, we must go every night to the play or the opera.—But come—and though thus far I shall stint you, my dear Juliana, in every other respect I'll indulge you to the last shilling—I will, if I save it a thousand ways! [Exeunt.

THE END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE—*The Court-yard of a Prison; Wall and great Gates in back Scene; on each Side Apartments in the Prison, and O. P. Steps leading up to a Door.—Moonlight.*

Sir HERVEY and WORRY discovered.

Worry. Nay, let me entreat you, Sir, retire to your chamber!—you forget you are in a prison.

Sir Hervey. But are you sure my daughter is not Alltrade's wife?

Worry. I am, Sir! and that she owes her deliverance to the generous exertions of Captain Lavish. (*Loud knocking at gate.*)—There—you hear, Sir!—now pray, pray retire.

Sir Hervey. Well! conduct me; and in the morning wait on Captain Lavish, and express my warmest gratitude.—

Worry. Aye, that I will, Sir! and make every inquiry after Miss Sutherland:—but now, Sir! (*Loud knocking again.*)—Bless me! this is a most unconscionable sort of place!—neither let people in or out!—'tis devilish hard:—I dare say the gentleman has as much right to be here as any body!—This way, Sir, this way! (*Sir HERVEY and WORRY ascend steps, and exeunt.*)

(*Gates are opened, and enter JULIANA and two Bailiffs.*)

First Bailiff. Come, come!—now all's safe:—though if we hadn't contrived to separate her from Captain Lavish by means of a forged letter—

Second Bailiff. Ay, that was my planning!—so here you are, Miss! arrested on your bond for five thousand pounds;—and you know Mr. Alltrade's terms!—either sign a contract of marriage—

Juliana. That I never will.

First Bailiff. Good night then.

Juliana. Stay!—spare me but a moment!—unused to this scene of terror and distress, unless some friendly hand is stretched to save me, I must e'en fall and perish here!—Oh, I am faint! quite—quite sick at heart.

Second Bailiff. You'd better sign the contract then.

Juliana. Never! never! (*Bailiffs exeunt*).—They're gone:—now, Juliana, summon all your courage!—alone,—unprotected! in the worst place, amongst the worst society; separated from the man you love, deserted by the father you revere, and so deprived of every hope of aid, that, should you linger on for years, here, here at last must be your grave! (*Shouting and laughing without.*)—Heavens! what noise is that?—a set of the most needy and most desperate! (*Stamping:*) Again!—they come this way—and I am left to be the victim of their brutality!—I can't support it!—I faint with terror!—Oh, help! help! (*Falls at the foot of the steps*).

Re-enter

Re-enter Sir HERVEY.

Sir Hervey. Surely I heard a woman's voice,—and seemingly in much distress!—'tis so!—poor wretch!—she scarcely breathes:—Within there! (*Re-enter Worry:*)—give your assistance! help me to raise this poor unfortunate.

Worry. I will, I will! (*They raise JULIANA, who remains in a lifeless state.*)—Merciful powers! (*Seeing her face, starting, and moving away.*)

Sir Hervey. Ha! what alarms you?—do you know her?

Worry. I do!

Sir Hervey. Who is it?—what brings her here? speak!—has she no friends? no relations?

Worry. Yes:—she has a father!

Sir Hervey. Barbarian!—could he not prevent—

Worry. He could, but——ask your own heart! mine would burst to speak it.

Sir Hervey. How?

Worry. Ay, your much wronged daughter!—who evidently has been brought here on the bond she signed to save you!—but don't—don't be unhappy, Sir! I'll go directly for assistance.

Sir Hervey. Fly! begone! (*Worry exit.*—*JULIANA remains still lifeless in Sir HERVEY's arms:*)—can I behold all this, and live?—Poor girl!—the very features of——Oh, God! Oh, God!

Juliana. Give me air!—So; I am much, much better.

Sir Hervey. Indeed!—I am glad, cordially glad: ha! ha! (*weeping*)—you've saved my life!

Juliana. Your life!—such kindness from a stranger!—Oh! in this place I little thought to find a friend!

Sir Hervey. And do you call me friend!

Juliana. I hope I may! you seem to take an interest in my sufferings.

Sir Hervey. I do—I do! and well I know the author of them all!—too well I know the father that has caused them.

Juliana. My father! do you know my father?—Oh, when you see him, don't tell him you found me in prison! that would afflict him, and it would double my misery to add to his!—don't—pray don't tell him, Sir.

Sir Hervey. Why not?—why feel for him who never felt for you! has he not from your infancy deserted you?—has he not shut his doors against you? and, instead of being your friend and protector, has he not proved himself your enemy—your persecutor?

Juliana (*haughtily*). Well! if he has, Sir?

Sir Hervey. Did he not thwart you in your affections,—tear you from the man you love, and command you to marry him you hate?—and after these accumulated injuries, and you had involved yourself to support him, what was his return? ingratitude! what was your inheritance? poverty!—what has been your reward? a prison!—Oh, villain! villain!—worst of villains!

Juliana. Villain!—hold your unlicensed tongue. Villain!—who are you that dare thus accuse my father?

Sir Hervey. A libertine; whose dissipation drove his wife into such scenes of error and remorse that she died of a broken heart!—an outcast! who, not content with that, would have reduced his daughter to the same unhappy fate!—a wretch! who, abandoned her not for her own conduct, but her mother's!—who brought her to a prison!—who
fees

fees her there without the hope of saving her!—or, to sum up all in one emphatic word—to give the aggregate of complicated infamy—I am your father!

Juliana. My father!

Sir Hervey. Ay, look at me!—view me well—do you not shudder at the hideous sight? will you not curse—avoid me as a pestilence?—a fiend!

Juliana. No: I will cling to you!—thus grow for ever round you! (*throwing herself into his arms*).—My father! my dear, dear father!

Sir Hervey. Juliana, be merciful!—load me with reproaches—this kindness will destroy me!

Juliana. Reproach you!—what, at the moment I have found you?—no: let me but be near you, and I will bless the hour that brought me to this place!—for it has given me the utmost wishes of my soul—it has restored to me a parent!

Enter ALLTRADE and WORRY.

Worry. There! 'tis as I expected; they are reconciled—look! have you the heart to interrupt their joy?

Alltrade. Sir Hervey, I have no wish but to give you both liberty; and if you will fulfil your promise, by persuading Miss Sutherland to accept my hand—nay: why frown?—you see I come as a friend.

Sir Hervey. Friend! away—I'm weary of the very word.

Alltrade. What! weary of friendship, Sir Hervey!

Sir Hervey. Ay, Sir; time was, when friendship wore a bold and open aspect, and as it spoke

it acted : but now 'tis masked ; and underneath it lurks all modern villany. Who betrayed my wife ? a friend !—who belied my child ? a friend !—who immured her in a gaol, and if she does not prostitute her hand and heart, will see her perish there—who, but my friend !—Can my enemy thus injure me ?—No ; in him I place no confidence or trust ; and henceforth let me rather meet a thousand foes than the designing arts of one false friend.

Alltrade. Well, as you please—(*Enter LAVISH behind*)—here is Miss Sutherland's discharge ; but since you don't choose to accede to my proposals, good night (*shewing discharge, and putting it up again*).

Juliana. Nay, let me entreat you, Mr. Alltrade.

Worry. And let me entreat you, Mr. Alltrade.

Alltrade. No, I can be obstinate in my turn—good night.

Lavish (*advancing and turning ALLTRADE round*). Then let me entreat you, Mr. Alltrade—nay, don't think to escape, Sir—Bless you ! you are quite mistaken ; Mr. Alltrade's the most kind, obliging—The discharge—give me the discharge, you scoundrel—or else, Newmarket in the first place (*shaking his cane*), and high life in the second (*pulling up his neckcloth*).

Alltrade (*trembling violently*). Well, Sir—since you insist, Sir—

Lavish. I do ; and be quick—dispatch—(*ALLTRADE gives LAVISH a paper*). Oh, this is the very thing I suppose—(*begins reading it*)—"By this
" my last will, I Jeremiah Dazzle give and be-
" queath"—

Alltrade.

Alltrade. Stop, stop—that's the wrong paper—here, here's the discharge.

Lavish (takes it and puts it into his pocket). Very well—a good economist pockets every thing—(*Reads on*): “all the property of which I die possessed, unto that most amiable—Juliana—“Sutherland.”—Amazement! (*Sir HERVEY, JULIANA, and LAVISH all look at each other with astonishment, and during pause ALLTRADE exit.*) There—you take care of that, Sir Hervey, whilst I take care of Mr.—(*turns round and finds ALLTRADE gone*)—what! gone!—I'll follow him—I'll—but no—we've got all we want from him—and so, 'spite of our former animosities, Sir Hervey, allow me to congratulate you.

Sir Hervey (having read the will). No, Sir; my hopes are vanished, I find here the fortune is conditional:—if my daughter marries, it devolves to Mrs. Dazzle.

Lavish. If she marries?

Sir Hervey. Ay, Sir!—while she remains single, she may roll in affluence, and I be restored to all my former splendor;—but will that give either of us consolation? No; my own sad example has taught me the reverse; and therefore, mark me, Juliana—I wish to make atonement, to give you fixed, unceasing happiness;—and having proved myself unfit to guard so dear a charge,—let him who best deserves, let him protect you!

Juliana. Him!—whom, Sir?

Sir Hervey (pointing to LAVISH). Him!—Accept her, Mr. Lavish,—take her as the best recompence for all the wrongs I've done you.—Nay, I know the penalty:—I know, by marrying you she forfeits this estate; and for your sake I wish it had accompanied her; but for my own!—at last

I've acted as a parent ought, and though these gates are ever shut against me, I know my daughter's happy, and that thought will give what wealth can never purchase;—a quiet conscience and unbroken rest.

Lavish. Sir Hervey, you have acted nobly—but—

Sir Hervey. But what?—You are sufficiently affluent to maintain her.

Lavish. No; there's the curse on't: I thought I had saved a fortune;—but just now, when I heard of your mutual distress, and drew bills on my steward and my banker, they refused payment;—to my astonishment they said I hadn't a shilling!—there you see, there's the end of my economy!

Sir Hervey. And you'd have paid my debts—you'd have released your enemy?

Lavish. Ay, that I would, if I'd saved it a thousand ways;—but to marry on such conditions!—No—I'll die first.

Juliana. And so will I; and hard as it is, here let us separate, Mr. Lavish.

Sir Hervey. Never!—never shall you be divided!—and though we can expect no liberality from Mrs. Dazzle, yet under all the circumstances she may be induced to compromise—perhaps allow us a moiety, or a third.

Lavish. Ay, or any thing,—if she'll only allow us two hundred a-year, with my management I'll be bound we'll all live comfortably;—I'll go make her proposals instantly, and don't fear my success;—for at a bargain,—never was such a fellow at making a bargain.

Juliana. Adieu, Mr. Lavish; pray Heaven you may succeed!

Worry.

Worry. So say I; and if she don't come to an amicable adjustment, contest the will, and employ my nephew to file a bill in Chancery against her.

Lavish. No, that will never do: rather give up the whole property than go to law.—Come, that's good economy, or the devil's in it. [Exit.

Sir Hervey. Come, Juliana, in my apartments we'll wait his return.—(To *Worry*): You also, faithful, constant friend!

Juliana. How shall I thank you? how repay—

Worry. Repay!—Look! are you not reconciled? Isn't that repaying me?—Oh! I am the happiest fellow living!—No—I forgot Mrs. Worry.

[Exit O. P.]

SCENE—A Street in the Town.

Enter *ALLTRADE*, *Mrs. DAZZLE*, and a Servant.

Mrs. Dazzle. Don't talk to me, Sir.—The will discovered!

Alltrade. I tell you it was no fault of mine, and my life on't Miss Sutherland will marry the Captain, and still forfeit the bequest.

Mrs. Dazzle. She marry! she marry! nonsense! Haven't I this instant seen the faithless Captain, and isn't it exactly as I suspected?—Take my word for it, Juliana will keep the estate and her lover too.

Alltrade. How! what mean you?

Mrs. Dazzle. Mean? that the Captain, never thought of making her his wife; and the father, to gain his liberty and five thousand a-year, will be unprin-

unprincipled enough to consent to his daughter's disgrace.

Alltrade. Oh, I understand now:—live together without marrying.

Mrs. Dazzle. Ay; Mr. Lavish not only didn't deny the infamous scheme, but absolutely offered me two hundred a-year if I'd give up all claim under my husband's will; if not, he said he and Juliana would go to Italy, and live on the profits. What shall I do?—deprived of my husband's estate, I'm absolutely penniless.

Alltrade. I know; and you see they are decided; therefore, why hesitate?—two hundred a-year is certainly better than nothing.

Mrs. Dazzle. True; and as I have no other hope,—John, go to Mr. Lavish, say I accede to his proposals, and if he'll bring an agreement to my house, I'll sign directly. (*Servant exit.*) Oh! that it should come to this;—but I'll expose them—I'll——

Enter STOPGAP (with a letter).

Stopgap. From Mr. Mist, Madam;—it is of the utmost consequence, and requires an immediate answer (*giving letter*).

Mrs. Dazzle. Indeed!

Stopgap. Yes, Madam;—he has this moment received positive information, that Mr. Dazzle died possessed of half a London theatre; and as you are his widow, Madam—but the letter will explain.

Mrs. Dazzle (reading). “Majestic Mrs. M. P.
“—only time to say, forget past bad management
“—accept hand and fortune; we'll instantly act
“Benedict

"Benedict and Beatrice.—Doors to be opened at
 "eight, and performance begin precisely at nine,
 "Vivant Rex et Regina!—P. M. ——. N. B.
 "Would have waited on you in person, but
 "Harlequin and flow waggon are just arrived."
 Delightful! glorious!—now I am rich enough to
 defy the Captain and his associates:—My compli-
 ments to Mr. Mist, I'll wait upon him instantly,
 and the sooner the marriage takes place, the hap-
 pier it will make me. (STOPGAP *exit*.)—Come, Mr.
 Alltrade, you shall share my good fortune, and
 when the Captain brings the agreement, how I
 shall laugh at him; I now despise, as much as I
 once loved him. [*Exeunt*.]

SCENE—*Inside of a Theatre.*

Mist *discovered*.

Mist. Forfeit 'em,—I'll forfeit 'em.—Harlequin
 arrived!—first call new pantomime, and not an
 actor come to rehearsal;—vagabonds!—all envy
 —all jealousy;—dread his immortal powers, and
 want to knock him up;—won't do though—not
 easily put out of countenance.

Enter STOPGAP.

Stopgap. Joy! I give you joy, Sir; Mrs.
 Dazzle consents.

Mist. What! doors opened at eight.

Stop. Ay, and performance begin at nine.

Mist.

Mist. And no money returned after curtain's drawn up!—tol de roll, toll, loll:—I'm a real London Manager!—that, (*snapping his fingers*,) that for this half or rather no priced toy-shop:—but where is she?—where's the imperial Mrs. M. P.

Stopgap. She'll be here directly, and Mr. Squib also: I met him in the street, and on my telling him you were about to marry Mrs. Dazzle for the sake of her theatrical property, he said you were grossly imposed upon, and that he'd wait upon you, and explain the matter instantly:—and see, here he comes.

Mist. He explain! pssha! what does he know about—(*Enter LAVISH*)—Excuse me, Mr. Squib, can't talk to strollers now; I'm real—a Royal London Manager.

Lavish. So am I; I'm a real Royal London Manager.

Mist. You!—good, very good; and you've got old Dazzle's share, suppose?

Lavish. Yes, and I've got old Dazzle's share, suppose.

Mist. Better and better!—in right of the heiress too?

Lavish. Yes, in right of the heiress too.

Mist. What, you mean to marry the widow?

Lavish. No, damn me if I do; and if I did, that wouldn't help me.

Mist. No!

Lavish. No; the theatre is not hers, it belongs to Miss Sutherland—(*producing will*):—here it is under old Dazzle's hand: here's another apology, read it, and then once more—"Ladies and Gentle-men, the disagreeable dilemma to which I am reduced"—ha! ha! there's a Manager for you!

Mrs.

Mrs. Dazzle (without). Where is my life, my lord, my husband?

Lavish. There, you read the will, while I talk to the heiress.—(*MIST and STOPGAP retire up the stage with the will, Mrs. DAZZLE enters.*)—So, widow, here's the agreement.

Mrs. Dazzle. Then you may take it back again; I shan't sign it.

Lavish. No!

Mrs. Dazzle. No; my marriage with Mr. Mist makes me sufficiently rich and independent to refuse the paltry offer; and I can now shew the world that I'm above being a party in so infamous a transaction! so I wish you a pleasant tour to Italy, good Signor Lavishini.

Lavish. You're wrong! it's a mighty pretty income:—I'd be bound to keep a carriage on two hundred a-year.

Mrs. Dazzle. Very likely: but you have your answer, Sir.

Stopgap (behind to MIST). Yes: Miss Sutherland's heiress!—Mr. Squib Manager.

Mist. And I'm dethroned:—exit Mist.

Mrs. Dazzle. Look! there's my dear intended! Now, Sir, see me take possession of his hand and ate.—Oh, Mr. Mist! (*curtseying.*)

Stopgap (aside to MIST). I have a thought, Sir! rhaps Miss Sutherland may wish to sell—and through Mr. Squib's interest, and by securing him the deputyship—

Mist. I may get purchase! well prompted, Stop—we'll pay court to new monarch;—now mind, one of best benefit bows.—(*They put themselves in bowing attitudes and advance towards Mrs. DAZZLE.*)

Mrs. Dazzle. Delightful man!—with what awe he approaches me!—you see, Signor—you see!

(*MIST*

(MIST and STOPGAP pass by Mrs. DAZZLE and come close to LAVISH.)

Mist. Royal Mr. Squib—see your authority, and humbly—

Mrs. Dazzle (turning him round). Why, Mr. Mist, I'm on this side.

Mist. I know! but I am on the other side: a good Manager always goes with the ruling party:—any reparation to you or the heiress, Mr. Squib! would she choose the freedom? or you take a benefit?—play myself, and give you first night of new pantomime.

Lavish. You see, Signora, you see!—why if you're in earnest, Mr. Mist, Miss Sutherland's father is in prison, and as this Will gives him no ready money—

Mist. I take—what's the debt?

Lavish. A trifle!—but a thousand pounds, which in the course of a month I can save and repay you!—or if that security don't content you, you shall have a mortgage on the theatre.

Mist. That's it; that's the best security on earth! far better than meadows and corn fields!—people will go without bread, but, bless 'em! never without plays!—Come along, Stop—prison only next door—gaoler take my word:—re enter with Sir Hervey instantly.

Mrs. Dazzle. Why, are you mad, Sir?—will you again disappoint and deceive me?

Mist. Deceive you!—hem!—who concealed will?—passed off for Manager, and turns out only author?—who under false pretences would have pocketed all my scenes, dresses, and decorations?—No, no—you deceived me; and therefore, “Mary, “once more I follow thee! and so, Good morrow, “good Queen Elizabeth!” [Exit with STOPGAP.

Mrs.

Mrs. Dazzle. Barbarian! Savage!—this is the third time he has made a dupe of me, Mr. Lavish! (*Bursts into tears*).—I'll sign the agreement, Mr. Lavish!

Lavish. Excuse me!—I'm above being a party in so infamous a transaction.

Mrs. Dazzle. Nay: when you consider the smallness of the sum, and that I bind myself to give up all claim under my husband's will:—

Lavish. Why, that's true; and seriously speaking two hundred a-year is no object; and therefore, I'll indulge you?—sign directly, and I'll indulge you!

Mrs. Dazzle. The sooner the better!—I long to be out of the monster's house!—here's pen and ink.

Lavish. And here's the agreement! (*they go to the table*).

Enter MIST, SIR HERVEY, and JULIANA.

Mist. Take care—consider you're a new performer, Sir Hervey—you also, Miss M. P. mind the traps.

Sir Hervey. Sir, I know not how to express my thanks or my astonishment.

Lavish (*coming from table—agreement in his hand*). Huzza! Sir Hervey, I give you joy—Miss Sutherland, I give you joy—here it is, signed and sealed.—Mrs. Dazzle generously takes two hundred a-year, and gives up all claim under her husband's will—there! there's a bargain maker for you!

Sir Hervey. Is this true, Madam?

Mrs. Dazzle. True!—you know I've been tricked into it.

Lavish. You have—you trick'd yourself into it.

Mrs. Dazzle. Myself!

Lavish. Ay! you would be indulged; and as here is now no longer any bar to our union, with

this

this lady's (*taking JULIANA's band*) and her father's leave allow me to introduce you to Mrs. Lavish elect.

Mrs. Dazzle. How! your wife!

Lavish. Ay; you thought I'd call her by another name; but I am still old fashioned enough to think the word "wife," heightens happiness and gives a zest to love!—(*Mrs. DAZZLE is going to speak*)—Nay, don't blame me!—you have to thank yourself for the whole transaction; and when any body makes false charges, I hope I shall be always too good an economist not to make them pay for them.

Mist (to Mrs. DAZZLE). You take the hint!—you take the hint!

Mrs Dazzle. Oh, I shall go wild—I—(*stamping violently*).—

Mist. Gently—you'll be down the trap.

Mrs. Dazzle. So, Miss, you mean to allow me only this paltry——

Juliana. No, Madam!—with my husband's permission the annuity shall be doubled.—The widow of my benefactor must be more amply provided for.

Lavish. Certainly!—I can save it a thousand ways!—And now, Mr. Mist, as we shall certainly dispose of our theatrical property, you shall be the purchaser—Only mind, I make the bargain—never was such a fellow at making bargains!

Mist. Name your own terms—only let me be London Manager!—Oh, for the opening!—Oh, for the first night!—After Hamlet, what an address will I make to them?

Lavish. Address! why what will you say?

Mist. Tell you—"Ladies and Gentlemen—on the part of the company in general, and myself

"as proprietor, author, actor, and manager in
 "particular—confess faults—acknowledge obliga-
 "tions—and humbly entreat your usual candour
 "and indulgence."—Then getting nearer the
 lamps—"Ladies and Gentlemen, to-morrow and
 "following evening, with your permission, this play
 "will be repeated!"

THE END OF THE COMEDY.

4 AP 54

EPILOGUE,

WRITTEN BY GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

Spoken by Mr. FAWCETT in the Character of MIST.

A London Manager of high degree,
I, Peter Mist, now enter here O. P. ;
My country playhouse, e'er I came to town
Almost knock'd up, has been in lots knock'd down.

A sturdy farmer bought the walls :—why then,
What was a barn will be a barn again.
Corn on the stage, not mummers will be seen ;
And oats be thresh'd where actors should have been ;
Wheat strew the boards where erst did heroes tread,
To make—what heroes never made there—bread.

Stage-struck, but hen-peck'd, honest Justice Dunder
Has all my clouds,—his lady has my thunder.
Dick Drench, the snug apothecary, means
To give a private play, so buys my scenes :
Drench, " smelling of the shop," and *idem semper*,
Could not resist scenes painted in distemper.

The Member for the town bought all my coats ;
There he was wise—for I command two votes ;
And playhouse coats (again he shew'd discerning)
Will suit a Member, for they're us'd to turning.

My wigs the women quarrell'd for, sweet souls !
My daggers stuck in felling ; but my bowls
Mine host of the Red Lion clapp'd his eyes on,
And bought 'em, as I did, to serve up poison.

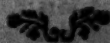
Thus all my country stock, as Shakspeare says,
" My cloud-capt towers, my gorgeous palaces,
" Yea, my great globe," (the barn,) so much involv'd,
And " all it did inherit, have dissolv'd."

But

But if some future Manager should take
 My "solemn temple," which I now forsake;
 My "fabric of a vision," he will find
 That I have left a cursed "wreck behind."

Here then I come, by rural schemes half undone,
 But country stumps appear new brooms in London.
 Egad I'll sweep all clean—look to't—ne'er doubt me—
 A London Manager, I'll lay about me;
 And, as a sample, you shall hear my hints,
 To be inserted in to-morrow's prints:

"A five act play last night was represented,
 "By an amazing *Dramatist* invented!
 "Author's and Actors' merits were immense,
 "And Fawcett e'en surpass'd his usual excellence!
 "Great care 'tis plain was taken in rehearsal;
 "And"—may I add with *truth*?—"applause was
 "universal."



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4 AP 54

